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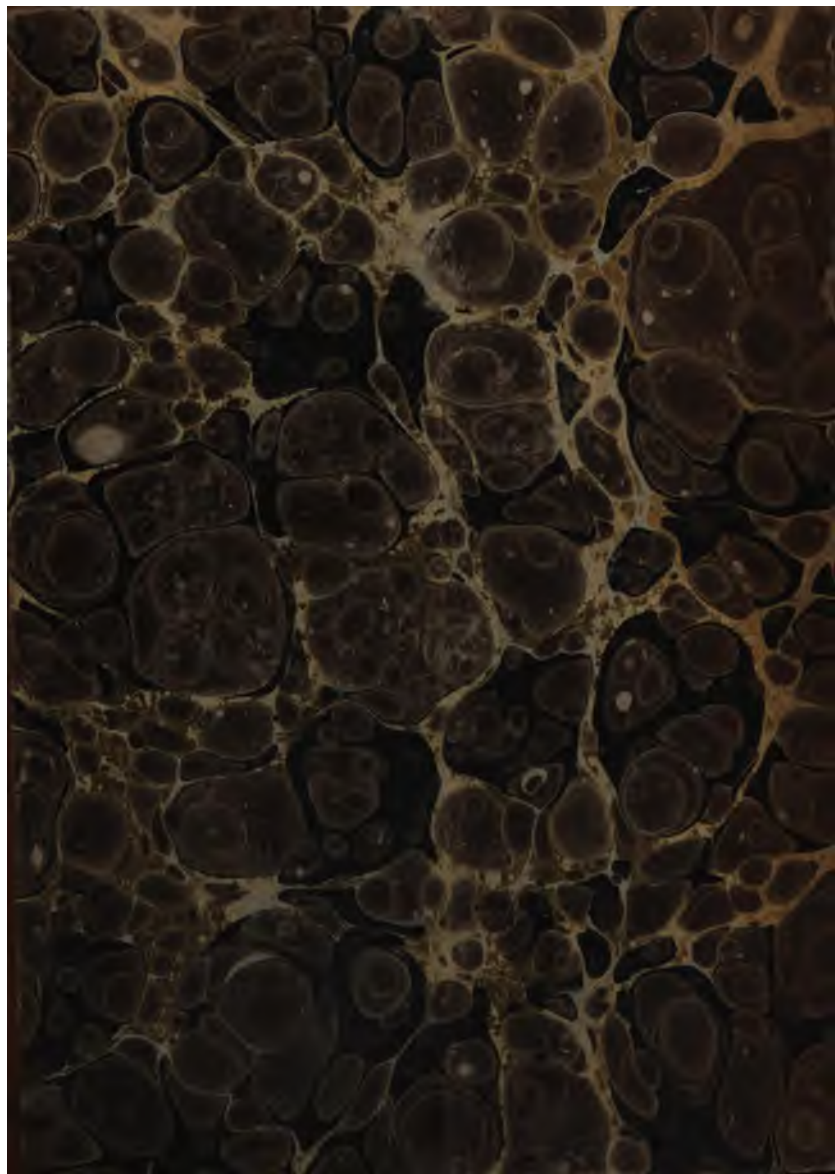
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48. 1756.







LAYS
FOR THE
THOUGHTFUL AND THE SOLITARY.

LAYS

FOR THE

THOUGHTFUL & THE SOLITARY.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRIEST OF THE NILE, A TALE OF ANCIENT EGYPT."



LONDON :

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN AND LONGMANS.

MDCCCXLVIII.

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P R E F A C E .

THE thoughtful, if not the solitary, are a numerous class. There are few that possess not their own share of living anxieties, and solemn memories, and the aim of books is, generally, to draw the attention away from these. But in the sanctuary of home many relics are enshrined that we rarely feel a wish to put aside ; over it many shadows darken, beneath which we love to linger, dreaming over again all that in the past appears so like a dream, and growing daily more clear in our perceptions of the things that are, and were, and are to be—the perishing, the perished, and the imperishable. If the shadow of human events, doubtless misnamed evils, be found broadly cast over the following pages, the author trusts that a sufficient glimmering of the true light will be also found to radiate and redeem their earthliness. Most of the poems have appeared in the MONTHLY CHRONICLE ; the METROPOLITAN and TAIT'S MAGAZINES ; the LITERARY GAZETTE ; and the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL ; and many of them have been re-printed in America.

ROTHERHAM, DEC. 1847.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
BLESSED BE GOD FOR FLOWERS!	1
TIME-HONOURED THINGS	4
AT LAST	7
PERICLES AT THE BIER OF HIS SON	10
THE EXHUMATION OF NAPOLEON	14
A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS AMIDST HER CHILDREN	17
SONG OF THE WATCHERS ON THE SHORE	21
THE FLOWER IS GONE	24
THE ENDURING AND THE ABIDING	26
THE GRAVES OF CHILDHOOD	30
TO-MORROW	34
TO NATURE	37
THE NEW ORDER OF NOBILITY	41
DEPARTED BARDS	44
AUNT MARGARET	47
THE WILL AND THE DEED	50
FEAR NOT TO DIE	53
TO THE SWALLOW	55
THEY DO NOT ALL FORGOTTEN SLEEP	58
THE VOICE OF THE HILLS	61
THOUGHTS BY THE WAY	63
MENDICANTS	65
THE SUMMONS	69
THE GIRL OF PROVENCE	71
DESERT FLOWERS	74
'GOOD NIGHT' AND "FAREWELL"	78
LINES ON SEEING A PAINTING OF AN ANCIENT GRECIAN GARDEN	80
THE FAIRY WORLD	83

	PAGE.
TO A DYING GIRL	87
THE TRIUMPH OF TASSO	89
PICTURES OF THE HEART:—	
No. I.—SECRET LOVE	93
No. II.—HAPPY LOVE	95
No. III.—THE FORSAKEN	96
THE TEMPLE OF THE PALE	99
LAST WORDS OF ROB ROY	101
THE RELEASED CAPTIVE'S LAMENT	104
TO KATE	107
SAXON WORDS	109
LINES ON SEEING A VERY BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL	
GATHERING FLOWERS BY THE WAY SIDE	111
THE CONGREGATION	113
THE PROTEST OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT	117
THE PORTRAIT GALLERY	119
SUMMER MUSINGS	124
THE RETURN	127
THE DEAD MOTHER'S SUMMONS	131
THE CHERRY DOLE.....	135
THE GEM OF THE CEMETERY	138
THE LAST DREAM OF PETRARCH	141
THE GRAVE OF L. E. L.	145
A HEART'S HISTORY	148
LINES ON VISITING A GRAVE	151
THE SONGS OF ZION	153
DREAMS OF THE FUTURE	155

LAYS

FOR THE THOUGHTFUL & THE SOLITARY.

BLESSED BE GOD FOR FLOWERS!

SUGGESTED BY SEEING MY YOUNGEST CHILD ASLEEP WITH WILD-FLOWERS
GRASPED IN ITS HAND.

BLESSED be God for flowers!
For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts that breathe
From out their odorous beauty, like a wreath
Of sunshine on life's hours!

Lightly upon thine eye
Hath fallen the noontide sleep, my joyous bird;
And through thy parted lips the breath, scarce heard,
Comes, like a summer sigh.

One rosy hand is thrown
Beneath thy rosier cheek ; the other holds
A group of sweet field-flowers, whose bloom unfolds
A freshness like thine own.

Around the fragrant prize,
With eager grasp thy little fingers close ;
What are the dreams that haunt thy soft repose,
What radiance greets thine eyes,

For thou art smiling still ?—
Art thou yet wandering in the quiet woods,
Plucking the expanding cups, and bursting buds,
At thine unfettered will ?

Or does some prophet voice,
Murmuring amidst thy dreams, instinctive say—
“ Prize well these flowers, for thou beyond to-day
Shalt in their spells rejoice !”

Yes ! thou wilt learn their power,
When cherished not as now, thou stand'st alone,
Compass'd by sweetly-saddening memories, thrown
Round thee by leaf or flower !

'Twill come ! as seasons come,
The empire of the flowers, when they shall raise
Round thee once more the forms of other days,
Warm with the light of home !

Shapes thou no more mayst see ;
 The household hearth, the heart-enlisted prayer ;
 All thou hast loved, and lost, and treasured there
 Where thy best thoughts must be !

Aye, prize them well, my child ;
 The bright, young, blooming things that never die ;
 Pointing our hopes to happier worlds, that lie
 Far o'er this earthly wild !

Prize them, that when forgot
 By all, their old, familiar tints shall bring
 Sweet thoughts of *her* whose dirge the deep winds sing,
 And whose love earth holds not !

Prize them that through all hours
 Thou holdst sweet commune with their beauty here ;
 And, rich in this, through many a future year,
 Bless *thou* our God for flowers !

TIME-HONOURED THINGS.

WRITTEN AFTER HAVING READ, IN THE WORK OF AN AMERICAN WRITER, AN
EXPRESSION OF REGRET THAT AMERICA CONTAINED NONE OF THE
"TIME-HONOURED THINGS" THAT RENDERED
ENGLAND VENERABLE.

"TIME-HONOURED things!" old England boasts
Her ancient realms by such o'erspread ;
The plain where met embattled hosts,
The tombs that hold her mighty dead ;
The Druid mound, the Saxon keep,
The wastes where feudal tyrants sleep.

The old monastic piles, that grace
Her richest nooks by stream and glade ;
The shrine in whose worn steps we trace
Where reverent pilgrims knelt and prayed ;
The ancient wells, the crosses lone,
By lichens wild and moss o'ergrown.

The proud cathedrals, chilled and changed ;
The hamlet churches, quaint and grey ;
The old baronial halls, estranged
From the dim uses of their day ;
The legends, dear to place and time,
Linked with all these in many a rhyme.

“ Time-honoured things ! ” can these alone
Supply the food thy spirit craves—
The mingled records carved in stone,
The rubbish-heaps of thrones and graves ?
Draw rather round thee where thou art
“ Time-honoured ” records of the heart.

The faith divine, the courage pure,
The love, and hope, and action free,
That keep one course, unchanged and sure,
Whatever change on earth may be ;
The earnest thought that great and small
Includes in its one grasp of All.

The high, calm trust that murmurs not,
Bearing th' appointed burden on ;
The frank care in another's lot
Loosing its own bonds one by one ;
The eagle thought, the eagle strength
That rends even death's dark thrall at length.

The deep, keen sense of human wrong
That to the brave soul proves a stay,
Making its own true purpose strong
To bear the weak in mind alway ;
The noble scorn of pomp and pride
With man's sole glory unallied.

A purer faith, a prouder trust,
That light whereby the spirit sees,
Shall pierce for thine each cloud of dust,
Where'er on earth thou meet'st with these ;
"Time-honoured things" that well may be
The honoured of eternity.

AT LAST.

WRITTEN AFTER HAVING HEARD OF A LADY WHO DIED MURMURING THE WORDS

"AT LAST! AT LAST."

"At last! at last!"—words oft and lightly spoken,
What solemn import from thy lips they bore!
Were they the record of a spirit broken,
Of a tried heart o'erwearied to the core?
A sad rejoicing that earth's waste was travell'd,
Its idol-fanes all passed, or dimly seen;
That thy fate's thickening mystery was unravell'd,
That rest was near thee with no gulf between,
"At last! at last?"

Or did some glimpses of a brighter morning
Break through the dense cloud of thy mortal night,
Whose steadfast radiance, all the view adorning,
Shut earth's receding shadows from thy sight?
Did the dim vision of a better portion
That stayed thy soul through many a mournful hour,
Freed from life's clinging dreams, from doubt's distortion,
Visit thee in the fullness of its power,
"At last! at last?"

“ At last ! ” how many of earth’s wasting passions,
Its loves, its hates, its wild ambitions, keep
A watchful vigil till that sentence fashions
The lot, and leaves them to rejoice—or weep ;
How many a heart has marked its own slow wasting,
As the one life-boon held its light afar,
The bitterness of hope deferred still tasting,
Till the prize vanished like a falling star,
“ At last ! at last ! ”

“ At last ! ” why haunts it us when sunny childhood
Sports ’mid the flowers of its own glorious day ?
The ring of its sweet laughter in the wildwood
Brings to the heart no token of decay ;
Sorrow and sin to its fresh thought are strangers,
And as a halo gladness girds it round ;
Yet who shall say, amid the world’s rude dangers,
What wreck of peace, of beauty, may be found
“ At last ! at last ! ”

“ At last ! ” who has not watched beside the pillow
Where some frail human idol fading lay,
The fair head drooping, as a graceful willow,
O’er the dark waters that bear all away ;—
How the lip blanches, and the pulses quicken,
As fear and hope, alternate, find a tone,
Till on the shrinking spirit of the stricken
The dread truth breaks—the heart is left alone,
“ At last ! at last ! ”

“ At last !” O mortal, as a magic finger
Point not those words to every thought of thine,
So prone amid earth’s passing bowers to linger
With human love, forgetting the divine ?
Time, that has left thee many a saddening token
Of youth’s, and hope’s, and beauty’s quick decay,
Oft sees thy trust in sordid things unbroken,
Oft finds thee trifling, grovelling in the way,
“ At last ! at last !”

PERICLES AT THE BIER OF HIS SON.

During the plague at Athens Pericles lost his sons and nearly all his relations, yet, says Plutarch, he lost not his dignity of sentiment and greatness of soul. He was apparently unmoved until the death of his last surviving son; when, in putting the garland upon the head of the deceased, his firmness forsook him, he broke out into loud lamentation, and shed a torrent of tears—a passion which he had never before given way to.

BESIDE him, calm and still,
Lay the latest of his dead ;
His hand yet grasped the funeral wreath
Must grace that youthful head ;
But on his sternly tranquil face
No sign of grief had left a trace.

They who had watched before
Now watched him once again,
Marvelling at the immortal mind
Unbent by mortal pain ;
Each linger'd with suspended breath
In presence of that life and death.

And well became it him,
The prince and leader there,
To trample on the human pangs
That weaker natures share ;
To glory in the strength of soul
That bore him above earth's control.

Yet in each conscious breast
A troubled thought arose—
It was not thus o'er human hope
The grave was wont to close ;
It was not meet that love should be
Thus sepulchred so silently.

And many an anxious glance
On his proud brow was cast ;—
The firm-set lip, the unquailing eye,
Would these the rite outlast ?
Would aught of human feeling born
Surmount the dread of human scorn ?

Unmoved amidst the throng,
With footstep slow, yet true,
Advanced he to the unconscious dead,
And the light pall withdrew,
And on the placid brow beneath
Placed, with unfaltering hand, the wreath.

And then, as wild storms burst
From out some sullen cloud,—
As quakes the ship when lightnings fierce
Rend keel, and mast, and shroud,
With one sharp cry that nought could stay
The pent-up anguish found its way.

Quivered at length the lip,
Damp grew the livid brow,
Hot tears from founts unsealed before
Poured like a torrent now ;
And he so late of stoic mood
Stood all the father, grief-subdued.

“ My boy ! my gallant boy !
Mine only one,” he cried ;
“ Torn from me in thine eagle strength ;
Would that I, too, had died
Nor lingered like a sapless bough
From which the last leaf passeth now !

“ Cold heap of nothingness,
What was my trust in thee,
That from the anguish of this hour
My soul may not be free ?
Why, as the arrow from the dart,
Flies it not to thy better part ?

“ My son ! my son ! thou wert
 Link'd with the life that gave
 Its fashion to that goodly form
 Now garnished for the grave !
 And with this knowledge of the past
 Thy father stands to look his last !

“ What part have I in life ?
 Dead to its hope and fear,
 Henceforth it spreads a desert void—
 Why do I linger here ?
 Remorseless fate its worst hath done,
 What wait I for ? my son ! my son !”

Thus in his grief he spoke,
 And they that stood beside
 Marvell'd not that the father's heart
 Had bowed the stern man's pride ;
 That nature, still'd through all the past,
 Should speak its own deep wrongs at last.

THE EXHUMATION OF NAPOLEON.*

A THOUGHTFUL sadness rests upon it now,
The pale and quiet brow ;—
The heart is still,
And cold that would have made the nations bow
To its resistless will :
Draw reverently near, for thou dost look
On him before whose wrath imperial despots shook.

The fiery soul hath not all pass'd away
From the still speaking clay ;
And thou dost feel
The influence of the undying, like a ray
Of some far lightning, steal
Across thy thought, awakening dreams of him
Whose presence fills the world, a shadow gaunt and dim.

* When the lid of the coffin was removed, the remains of Napoleon were found to be quite perfect, the countenance pale and calm as if in sleep.

How heavy on the closely sealéd eyes
The dreamless death-sleep lies !
Even there where late
Rest was so rarely pillow'd ;—wake ! arise !
Thou iron-bound of Fate !
Conqueror or slave, whate'er thy title be,
Speak ! whilst once more all thoughts are solely fixed on thee !

It moves !—the chisell'd lip—breathe soft and low,
For now the deep tones flow :—
“ Who calls me back
To the dull earth ? who bids my spirit throw
Light on a desert track ?
What of the past remaineth to be told
That every morrow's future shall not all unfold ?

“ Have I then trod the subject earth in vain ?
Why bring me forth again
With pomp and pride ?
Why now do princely heads bow in the train
That sweepeth at my side ?
Away ! enough to man hath been revealed,
For his dull gaze shall death's dread secrets be unsealed ?

“ Why were ye tempted o'er the deep to roam,
And from its quiet home
Bear the tired dust,
Would ye, too, bid the wingéd spirit come
Back to a broken trust ?

Away ! once more, the final goal is won,
And the race writ in words enduring as the sun !

“ Now, haste and lay me in some quiet spot ;—
Earth hath not so forgot
Her mighty dead,
That *ye* need lift the shadow, brooding not
For aye upon their head !
Away ! the trophy and the pomp are vain
For him whose fame throughout all ages must remain !”

Now once more, and for ever, life may close
Upon that stern repose ;
Let the dead go
Down to the peaceful grave from whence he rose ;
Enough of fame below
By the commanding spirit hath been won ;
The mortal craveth rest—even thou, Napoleon !

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS AMIDST HER CHILDREN.

Thus they go,

Whom we have rear'd, watch'd, bless'd, too much adored !

MRS. HEMANS.

YE are around me still,

A bright, unbroken band ; your voices fill
The summer air with gladness ; yet I know
That Fate's cold shadows are around us falling,
That with its thousand tongues the world is calling,
Urging you forth—and ye must go !

Ye will depart with glee

From the fair bowers where ye have wandered free
As spring's rejoicing birds ; ye will not cast
Sad looks and lingering on your childhood's dwelling,
Whilst hope of other, brighter realms is telling ;—
Ye will not sorrow for the past !

Ye will go boldly forth
With your heart's treasures, gems of priceless worth,
To barter for the hollowness, the strife
Of human crowds ;—ah ! fond ones ! little knowing
How ill your cherished dreams, so rich, so glowing,
Suit the realities of life !

Ye will not learn to prize
The holy quiet of the love that lies
Deep in your hearts, till ye have felt the wrong
That the cold, scornful world, is ever wreaking
On gentlest spirits,—on the weary, seeking
Safe shelter in its throng !

Therefore I sadly gaze
Upon you, with the thought of future days
Brooding around me ; and I fain would deem
That no relentless chance your paths might sever,
That thus united ye might glide for ever
Along life's onward stream !

And solemn thoughts arise,
As now I look into your loving eyes,
And school mine heart for evil hours to come ;
How may I think upon the speeding morrow,
With its impending ill—its strife and sorrow,
And trial—and be dumb ?

How will thy spirit brook,
My proud, fair girl, beneath the veil to look
That hides life's hollow joys, and mocking trust ?
How wilt thou bear, from glorious visions stooping,
To own with low, sad voice, and dim eye drooping,
Thy portion with the dust ?

And thou, my loving child,
My gentle boy, with thy affections mild,
And spirit shrinking still from boisterous glee,—
How, in a world with angry passions teeming,
With envy's poison'd words, and pride's dark scheming,
How will it fare with thee ?

Wilt *thou* find food for mirth,
My joyous one, amid the graves of earth ?
Will thine heart's sunshine to the desert bring
A brightness not its own ? or wilt thou, failing
In love and hope, change thy glad songs to wailing,
Or silence—bird of spring ?

Ye are around me still,
A bright, unbroken band ; your voices fill
The summer air with gladness ; yet I know
That Fate's cold shadows are around us falling,
That with its thousand tongues the world is calling,
Urging you forth—and ye must go !

Yet whither?—are ye not
Heirs of a higher promise? unforgot
Of Him that mindeth even the sparrow's fall?
Be still, my heart! the future hath its story
Of vanquished evil, and enduring glory,
And triumph for ye all!

SONG OF THE WATCHERS ON THE SHORE.

In some of the Fishing Villages on the coast of Norway, when the men go out with the boats, the females assemble on the beach, chanting a wild song—a prayer, not for the success of the fishers, but for their safe return; and they do not quit the shore until the boats arrive.

'Tis a weary, weary sight,
The sky and the ocean lone,
And the distance, that solemn mystery,
Veiling our loved, our own,
As we cry, upon their track—
Brother and sire, come home !
Husband, and lover, and son come back
Over the surge and foam !
For our hearths are dark, and our souls are drear,
Till we see the light of your smiles draw near.

Hardy, and gallant, and true,
The hearts that for us toil
Right cheerfully every peril brave
From the seas to take their spoil :

Well know they where we stand,
Waiting their glad return,
And their guiding light is the star of love,
Whose beams around them burn ;
Ah ! what were the hearts or the homes they left,
Of the crowning grace of that love bereft ?

Husband, and lover, and son,
Brother and sire, come home !
The breeze has strengthened, the sun goes down
Over the beaten foam !
Sorrow and joy are ours,
Beyond what most may share,
Sorrow in every morn's farewell,
And joy above compare
When at eve, all doubting and danger o'er,
The gallant boats touch the strand once more.

By the shores of another sea
We shall stand ere time be past,
We shall watch the bark that may ne'er return
Sweep o'er its waves at last !
Father, or brother, or son,
Husband or lover, there—
Earth's peril over, its labour done—
May be first those depths to dare ;
To pass away from the mortal beach,
Beyond regret's or affection's reach.

And we—we shall cry no more,
 Brother and sire, come home !
We shall look with a higher hope and trust
 Over that dark sea's foam :
And our pining souls shall say—
 “O we weary to depart !
To put all thought of the life away
 For whose cares we have no heart !
To flee from darkness, and doubt, and pain,
And to be with the loved and the lost again !”

THE FLOWER IS GONE !

MOTHER ! bright eyes make sunshine round thee still,
And glad young voices music in thy dwelling ;
Yet owns thine heart a void no love may fill,
Save the grief-fraught one in its lone depths swelling ; —
The Flower is gone !

For thee life's spell is broken ;—faith and trust,
So boundless once, now make thy spirit tremble ;
Each wakening thought is darkened with the dust
Whose frail endurance our best hopes resemble.
The Flower is gone !

Thy pride is bowed ;—bright eyes, and sunny hair,
And blooming cheeks, so late in gladness cherished.
Now haunt thee but as types of one more fair,
Whose opening beauty from thy side hath perished
The Flower is gone !

The future borrows from the faithless past
A cloud of sadness that may not be broken ;
And hope—fond, clinging flatterer to the last !—
Even hope hath words thy tried heart leaves unspoken ;—
The Flower is gone !

And thou art conscious of a sleepless power,
From its first faith thy chastened spirit weaning ;
A mighty grasp that shakes, from hour to hour,
The baseless rock whereon thy life was leaning.
The Flower is gone !

So better, if to thee God's will be blest,
Whose hallowing purpose all around is speaking ;
That but to bring thee to its own glad rest,—
The only treasure worth our mortal seeking,—
The Flower is gone !

THE ENDURING AND THE ABIDING.

AN infant poet open'd his soul's eyes
On the glad sun revealed in summer skies,
And these two vow'd that, thenceforth and for ever,
Together o'er the green earth they would roam,
Twin-gods,—the sharers of one radiant home,
To be o'erclouded never.

The holiest moon pour'd on him from above
The fullness of her passionless, calm love,
And straight his spirit claim'd her as a mother ;
And every kindly, twinkling star that shone,
Hail'd with instinctive yearning as his own,
To him became a brother.

He drank the free breath of the many-toned,
And wizard wind, and all his spirit own'd
A portion with the mystery of its flowing ;
The silent summer rain, the balmy dew,
Brought freshness ever to the feelings true
Within his deep heart growing.

Mountains, and vallies, and dark-hanging woods,
Lone lakes, and water-falls, and ocean floods—

To him the varied shrines of one devotion—
Became a part of him, another sense,
Faithful responders to his soul's intense,
And fathomless emotion.

Flowers greeted him in their unrivall'd youth,
And his heart pledged them all its taintless truth,—

A blessed compact, love without love's scheming—
They clothed his soul with one unfading wreath,
And on the sweetness of their heavenward breath
He revell'd in his dreaming.

The spring-shower of young leaves, the summer's prime,
The autumn's fall, each found him in their time,

A welcome worshipper in forests hoary ;
Or by green hedge-rows where the woodbines run,
Or on lone heaths far stretching to the sun,
In gold and purple glory.

He knew the wild note of each minstrel bird ;
He track'd the lark ere yet the fresh grass stirr'd ;

And from his eyrie with the eagle soaring,
He found in every melody of day,
In every twilight breath, a brightened way
For all his soul's adoring.

And thus from nature up to nature's God
He joyous turn'd, still gathering from the sod
Its primal truths, each thought from ill securing;
While heaven looked down approving on its son,
On him whose spirit from the dust had won
Thus much of THE ENDURING.

* * * * *

That youthful poet walk'd forth in the crowd,
With all those melodies of nature, loud
And clear, and sweet, amid his heart-chords pealing;
Trusting to hear full many an echo there,
Whose glad responses to his own should bear
Some kindred mind's revealing.

And with the freshness of his spirit's hope,
And with the faith that had not learn'd to cope
With faithlessness—in man inherent only—
And with the deep love strengthening in his breast,
He color'd all things, and awhile found rest,
Deeming not he was lonely.

But soon the iron pressure of the throng,
On whose dark current he was borne along,
To every thought life's sterner truths had spoken;
And rude realities around him drew,
Leaving no outlet for the faith that blew
The bubbles these had broken.

Ill fared the feelings warm, the glowing thought,
So vainly to that hostile region brought,

Haunt of the false, the cold, the weary-hearted ;
Nature still held true empire in his mind,
But from those cherish'd visions of his kind,
The glory had departed.

Bright thoughts, of faith alike, and beauty born,
Won from the crowd one echo of deep scorn,

The high, true purpose of his dreams deriding ;
The world turn'd coldly from him to its own,
His portion there was darkly cast alone,
And this was THE ABIDING.

What marvel if the poet pass'd not through
That ordeal, keeping still his footsteps true ?

What marvel if he fell where all were falling ?
A fearful fall ! to him whose conscious choice
Had been the good, to whom the still, small voice
Of God was every calling.

Thenceforward with a lonely thought he pass'd
Upon his way ; his spirit to the last

Bow'd with the wealth it would have freely given,
Till death accorded him *one* common claim ;
And then men granted an immortal name
To him that had won heaven.

THE GRAVES OF CHILDHOOD.

TINY, cared-for mounds, that greet us
In the graveyards everywhere,
Little need have we to ask you,
Of the fruit ye bear ;
It has left its own sweet trace,
Sanctifying all the place.

O'er each heap a mother's shadow
Falleth, though she stand not by ;
It has wander'd since her loved one
Turn'd away to die ;
Tis the shadow of her heart,
And it may not yet depart.

With a feeling fresh and holy,
Tinged albeit with hues of grief,
Read we now these little hist'ries,
Beautiful and brief ;
Years how few, that glided by,
Not to stain but sanctify !

Ah ! how many hearths have sorrow'd
Since these narrow heaps arose,
O'er the unaccustom'd dulness
Of their cold repose ;
Missing many a merry tone,
Sacred unto them alone.

Laughing imps, methinks I see you
As in life ye brightly stood,
Witching, loving, all resistless
In whatever mood ;
Winning with your countless wiles,
Sweet caresses, words and smiles.

Merry, roguish, stealthy glances,
Slyly peeping in and out ;
Scaring all our graver fancies
As ye peer'd about,
Till we could not choose but be
Partners in your revelry.

To your tones I seem to listen,
Clearly on my heart they come
With some snatch of the old rhymings
That belong to home,—
The sweet " Children in the Wood,"
Or the pet, " Red Riding Hood."

Tireless feet so lightly bounding,
Free to come or to depart,
Through the stillness round I hear you,
Till I almost start
With a conscious thought that ye,
If near, would surely turn to me !

Tiny hands, that were too busy
Respite, save in sleep, to allow,
Sad it is to think how mutely
Ye are folded now
On each little pulseless breast,
Evermore to be at rest !

Little ones ! the spring-tide blossom
Hangs, all tempting, on the bough ;
Bright and fair things are rejoicing—
Where rejoice *ye* now ?
For your sake a sadness lies
On earth's beauty to our eyes.

Ye have robb'd death of its terrors,
Since ye pass'd it in our sight ;
Ye have changed the dread to trusting,
Darkness into light,
Bright flowers floating down the sea
Of fathomless eternity !

O the faith must be eternal
That could leave its treasures here,
Living on through all the memories
That have been so dear,
And the yearning love that strung
Flowers the shroud's pale folds among !

Often when my heart is weary,
Like a sun-beam o'er it cast,
Comes the thought of quiet dreaming
In your midst at last ;
Sure the sleep would peaceful be,
Guarded by your purity.

TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW, yea, to-morrow ! change and gladness,
The ripen'd harvest of our hopes, are there ;
To-day has yielded its own weight of sadness,
Proving how much the burdened heart may bear ;
But to its depths the morrow long hath spoken
Of welcome refuge from the evil past ;
Of trusts fulfill'd whose promise all seem'd broken,
Of frail affections gather'd safe at last :—
To-morrow, yea, to-morrow.

To-morrow ! we have paid the slow rewarder
A weary service through uncounted days ;
Time has been slighted as the sole retarder,
The never-passed besetter of our ways ;
We see the wished-for light in distance glimmer,
As o'er some far-off island of the blest ;
We see the clouds around us make it dimmer,
Yet we press onward to the promised rest,—
To-morrow, yea, to-morrow.

To-morrow ! trusted in our happy childhood,
And hail'd with rapture mid its present joy ;
It brought our merry gambol in the wildwood,
Planting a faith that years might not destroy :
What though youth's hopes lay wither'd in its keeping,
For hope even earth hath one unchanging spring ;
And from the ashes where the past lies sleeping,
Shoots the glad light shall its fulfilment bring.
To-morrow, still to-morrow.

To-morrow ! shrine whereon true love hath lifted
Its idols, all forgetting they are dust ;
'Tis well the heart's devotion is not gifted
To search beyond the threshold of its trust ;
Well that the onward tendencies of feeling
Forbid its lingering mid the wastes of old ;
That o'er the track on which death's steps are stealing,
Sweet flowers spring up whose bloom may all unfold
To-morrow, still to-morrow.

To-morrow ! vague eternity that vaunteth
Thy wondrous rule o'er the pretence of time,
Love with undying zeal thy region haunteth,
Joy, still before us, forms thy proper clime ;
What to atone for the neglected present,
The anxious past, hast thou reserved in store ?
Where are the glorious scenes, the voices pleasant,
That the tired heart may own, and cry no more
To-morrow, yet to-morrow ?

To-morrow ! broken bubble of the dreaming,
Cheat of the heart to its own trusts untrue,
Lured from its strongholds by the specious seeming
Which its own vain desires at distance drew ;
Love and contentment in the *present* centre,
Each forms of earthly bliss a perfect whole ;
One only rest remains wherein to enter,—
The rest of God ;—there lives for hope the sole
To-morrow, glad to-morrow !

TO NATURE.

I have heard thy soft voice calling
Through the gathering crowd of leaves,
From the fields where light is falling
On the track of autumn sheaves ;
Through the rushing sound of waves,
From the lone depths of the wildwood,
From the echo-haunted caves,
In tones that won my childhood
To the faith held firm and fast—
Dear Nature, friend unfailing,
First, truest love, and last.

And my heart, through all the sadness
From its sterner teachers won,
Has an answering glow of gladness
For the breeze and for the sun ;
For the star-like meadow flowers,
For the rich germs that lie hidden
Till the genial summer showers
Into life their bloom has bidden ;—
For all the wealth *thou* hast,
Dear Nature, friend unfailing,
First, truest love, and last.

With thy fairy spells all present,
Each a wing to bear me far
Mid the regions old and pleasant,
Where thy brightest wonders are ;
Now I pace some Grecian shore,
With its ocean famed in story,
Whose shells, spray-frosted o'er—
Each linked with some by-gone glory—
At thy glancing feet are cast,
Dear Nature, friend unfailing,
First, truest love, and last.

There where thy light is shining
O'er the Moslem temples old,
And thy graceful tendrils twining
Round their shafts of green and gold,
Where thine own eternal bloom
To man's fruitless pride is preaching.
On some stern old warrior's tomb
I sit, and to thy true teaching
Give my heart, as through the past—
Dear Nature, friend unfailing,
First, truest love, and last.

Where the solemn palm-trees quiver
Amid Afric's wild, dull wastes,
When thy breath, o'er plain and river
To the fainting verdure hastes ;

Where the hot sands darkly spread,
Like some human passion's wasting,
Till, by thy free bounty fed,
Gush founts all of Eden tasting—
There I feel thy presence vast,
Dear Nature, friend unfailing,
First, truest love, and last.

Where the myrtle groves yet flourish
Round Italia's marble fanes,
Thou hast stay'd thy course to nourish
What of brightness still remains ;
While from all the grandeur dead,
And from all the beauty living,
Goes a voice forth that has said,
That the glories of thy giving
Shall alone survive the past—
Dear Nature, friend unfailing,
First, truest love, and last.

I have found thee still unchanging,
With the old, kind look and tone,
In a world where all are ranging,
And where hearts may waste alone :
I can turn to thee and know,
By many a hallowing token,
That the faith seal'd long ago,
Has by no rude chance been broken,—

That from *thee* I am not cast,
Dear Nature, friend unfailing,
First, truest love, and last.

O, with all thy countless voices
I would blend one tone of mine,
That should live whilst earth rejoices
In those melodies of thine ;
I would leave one cherish'd dream
Of the heart to dust returning,
On thy shrine, as now, to gleam—
With the lights that cease not burning
Till the trumpet's final blast—
Dear Nature, friend unfailing,
First, truest love, and last.

THE NEW ORDER OF NOBILITY.

STAND forth ! thou God-made noble, stand !

Old England asks no worthier son ;
A better dower than wealth or land
Thy true heart here hath bravely won ;
The right—by none misunderstood
Or questioned—to rank as “ The Good.”

Old Norman William hath no voice
In our new peerage, spirit-framed ;
No rival Roses sway the choice
Of those beneath our banner named ;
Two paths henceforth, throughout the earth,
Shall give to rank its better birth.

These paths, that part the good and ill,
The vile and worthy, false and true,
The noble and ignoble, still
Two classes only place in view ;
And honour here—dishonour there—
With us no other names may bear.

Stand forth ! first titled on our shore,
As unborn myriads yet shall be !
Renown more pure than that which bore
The names of old from sea to sea,
Shall find for thee, in every place,
A brother spirit to embrace !

Far more it imports man to know,
To feel, to prove his brother's worth,
Than on that fame his thoughts bestow,
To which the past has given birth ;—
Call forth the *living* spirits' powers,
And use them for this world of ours !

And let the good be named "The Good,"—
The true, "The True,"—the brave, "The Brave!"
Titles not bought and sold for blood,
Like those our war-girt monarchs gave ;
And let the just be still "The Just,"
So men shall know wherein they trust.

Look on our noble once again !
None nobler graced the ranks of old ;
No death-strewn fields his laurels stain ;
He battles not for fame nor gold ;
But with an earnest, loving heart,
He conneth still, and plays his part.

No painted badge, no tinsel star,
Lie idly glittering on his breast ;
But—nobler, grander, worthier far—
Truth's light stands in his eyes confest,
And round the broad brow proudly plays,
That glows and brightens in its blaze.

This brave high homage, spirit-paid,
Shall shrine the worth of woman, too,
Fitly entitling wife and maid,
“ The Meek,” “ The Tender,” or “ The True ;”
And she whose brow small beauty wears,
May yet well grace the name she bears.

Is this a dream ? No !—by the Past,
With its dense darkness, pierced at length,—
And by the Present, brightening fast,—
And by the Future's noonday strength,—
Earth's truly great and good shall be
Her last, best aristocracy !

DEPARTED BARDS.

The trail of the serpent is over them all.—*Paradise and the Peri.*

SHADES of the gifted,
Crowned children of song,
Ye who like meteors
Have passed through the throng,
Brightly and proudly,
And sadly—alone ;
How sorrow hath blent
Its deep words with your own !

Ye trod the broad deep,
And your foot-prints are there ;
With the wings of a seraph
Ye cleaved the blue air ;
Ye gave to the beauty
Of tree and of flower,
A charm that they knew not
Till touched by your power.

This, and more ye have done,
But ye could not control,
The heart's restless beating,
The storms of the soul !
Ye could not forget,
In the strength of your trust,
How much ye had yielded
Of hope to the dust !

The world's bars were round you,
And still we may see
The one, long, weary struggle
Of life to be free !
The beating, the fluttering,
The pining, that bowed
Your proud spirits down
To the dust of the crowd !

Do they fold you thus thickly,
The shadows of earth,
Lest our spirits forget
The dark place of your birth ?—
Ah ! well in your deep,
Burning words, have ye shown,
How the glory ye won,
Was not glory alone !

O could ye one happier,
One holier song pour,
Now the strife and the sorrow,
Of earth are no more ;
Now Time with its changes,
And Death with its thrall,
And Fear with its shadows
Have passed from ye all !

But no ! we must struggle,
As ye struggled, on,
Unsoothed by a tone
From the lips that are gone ;
Where earth's uoble hearted
Found refuge alone,
There's a cheering voice ever
To answer our own !

AUNT MARGARET.

LONG, ah ! how long can it be
Since we first remember thee ;
With thy step's familiar fall,
Ever welcome to us all ;
With thy voice so soft and clear,
With thy kind look, chasing fear ;
With thy holy influence,
Boundless, yet without pretence,
With thy mild and quiet ways ;
With thy love that crown'd the days
Of our happy childhood ;—yet
Love we thee, Aunt Margaret !

White is now thy flowing hair,
And thy brow doth meekly bear—
Meekly as thou bear'st all things—
A shadow as from angels' wings,
That, hovering near thee day by day
Soon must bear thee hence, away.
Deeper tinting is it not,
Of the old shade, unforgot,

That was ever lightly thrown
There, to chill thyself alone :
If thou ever knew'st regret,
It spake not, Aunt Margaret.

We remember when that hair
Swept across thy forehead fair
In dark tresses, left to seek
Rest on thy Madonna cheek ;
When could scarce *thy* gentle soul
The lustre of those eyes control ;
When thy step was firm and light,
And thy small, soft hands more white ;
But, more beautiful than now,
Never in *our* eyes wert thou ;
Lovely wert thou, and art yet,
Graceful, good Aunt Margaret.

Hadst thou e'er a love beside
That for those who lived and died
Breathing blessings on thy care ?—
Ah, thou wert bless'd everywhere !—
Did thy true heart erewhile thrill
With love than this more fervent still ?
None have known if it were so ;
None, perchance, may ever know ;
But no earthly man might dare
Hope on earth true joy to share,
If a heart like thine he met,
And slighted,—dear Aunt Margaret !

Ah! how many, like to thee,
Pass a pure life quietly ;
Well fulfilling every trust ;
Faithful, earnest, patient, just ;
Self-forgetting in love's spell ;
Meeting, bearing all things well ;
Hoping on,—for others still,—
Yielding, if they *have* a will ;
Finding flowers where most find weed ;—
O like to a pearl indeed,
In our hearts thy name is set,
Gentlest, best Aunt Margaret*!

* The name Margaret implies a pearl.

THE WILL AND THE DEED.

THERE lies a gulf, a wide, deep gulf,
 Betwixt the will and deed ;
Betwixt the failing mortal strength,
 And the immortal need.
How small a part at last is done,
 Of all we deem'd to do
When time's unwasted wealth was ours,
 And faith and hope were new ;
And fancy still was wont to spring,
Like Psyche, ever on the wing.

We know not what they *should* have brought,
 Those faithless dreams of bliss ;
We only feel their promised world
 Was all unlike to *this* !
We know not what that strong resolve
 To do, has left undone ;
Or where might lie the shore we sought—
 It was not that we've won !
Our El Dorado of the mind,
Alas, like earth's, is yet to find !

Prometheus stole the fire from heaven,
How vainly fables tell—
Ah ! those brave master-minds of old,
They knew man's heart full well !—
The bold immortal's deed might not
The mortal's doom elude,
Fate left the culprit tortured, chain'd,
But left him unsubdued !
Those visions of the better part
Could not be crush'd from out the heart.

For ever thus, disdaining rest,
With him, our type, we dare ;
With him hold fast our fruitless faith,
Untamed amid despair ;
That consciousness of hidden power,
Which here the spirit brings,
Is vain unless it still pursue
The light of hidden things ;
And all the impotence of dust,
Can never shake that native trust.

It should be so ! it should be so !
And *this* alone is ill—
That where the heathen left of old,
Christ's love should find us still !

If now denied to bring down heaven
Upon the wastes of earth,
We yet may wield a mightier power
To prove our heavenly birth ;
And, faith directed, upward flee,
And dwell, O God, for aye with Thee !

FEAR NOT TO DIE !

FEAR not to die ! fear not to die !
Fear rather on to live
Where time must still that rest deny
The grave can only give ;
Fear not oblivion's shadow there,—
The glad rest promised thee,
Is that which souls with God shall share
Throughout eternity !

Fear not to die ! to rend on earth
The ties that made earth dear ;
Believe, whate'er life holds of worth
Has least of worth whilst here :
Like those rare dreams that through the night
Our souls with beauty fill,
'The past shall leave rich floods of light,
Whereby to shrine it still.

Fear not to die ! the great have died,
The good, the true, the brave ;
The loved have early left our side,
And quenched each joy they gave :
Why weakly wish to linger on
Where such deep shades are thrown,
Till love, and light, and beauty gone,
We tread earth's wastes alone ?

Fear not to die ! fear mortal sin,
Fear guilt and shame,—for those
May work that direst death within
Whose night no dawning knows :
Fear so to mar the beautiful
That thou no more mayst see
How near Heaven's light—by earth made dull—
Has ever been to thee !

Fear not to die ! the perfect love
That casteth out all fear,
Shall brightly bear thy soul above
The clouds that fold it here !
The binding chain is wrought in dust
That seeks thy hope to stay ;—
Let night come on with changeless trust,
And wake,—and find it day !

TO THE SWALLOW.

Joyous bird, that o'er land and sea
Seekest a home where no change may be,
Making a summer throughout the year,
Bounding away when the leaves are sere,
Scorning to share in the common lot,
Fleeing the death thou regardest not,—
The spoils of autumn around us sweep,
And thou art away o'er the trackless deep.

What were thy dreams through the parted hours,
While lingering yet in our own frail bowers ?
Did they not sometimes bear thee far
To the brighter realms where thy kindred are ;
To the balmy groves and the genial air
Waiting to give thee glad welcome there ?
Didst thou not spring with a joyous bound
From the fading woods of our alien ground ?

Away, away o'er the glancing brine,
Borne by those tireless wings of thine,
Casting no look of regret behind,
Leaving no track on the ocean wind,
Onward ever thy course is bent,
Till the light of thine own rich element
Around thee breaks, with a glorious blaze,
And a promise glad of unclouded days.

Would that the heart had power to flee
To the better land of its dreams, like thee ;
Would that it too away could burst,
When the blight and the darkness threaten first ;
Spurning sorrow, and wrong, and pain,
Breaking the thrall of its heavy chain ;
For oh ! it hath glympses all divine
Of a brighter resting place than thine !

Far down in its gleaming depths there lie
The golden tints of another sky ;
Music-laden, and fresh, and free
Come the fitful breezes, gushingly,
Fanning such bloom as the suns of earth
Never yet called into bright, brief birth ;
And Love and Joy, in that fairy land,
Still pass on fearlessly hand in hand.

O summer bird, 'twas a wondrous power
That to man and thee gave such varied dower ;
Thou hast no treasure to leave behind,
When with joy thou cleavest the sea-ward wind ;
But *we*, in our visions proud and high,
Must put off the thrall of mortality,
And the loving hearts in whose hope we share,
For us make a summer everywhere !

THEY DO NOT ALL FORGOTTEN SLEEP.

THEY do not all forgotten sleep,
The days made bright by thee,
Though none their memory may keep,
Or fondly prize, save me, Mary !
The tears we've wept, the smiles we've smiled,
In which none else might share,
Come back o'er memory's pathless wild,
And haunt me everywhere, Mary !

I see thee in the woodland bells,
In all the sweet wild flowers ;
In each familiar thing that tells
Of our fresh childhoods' hours, Mary !
Thou speakest to me in some tune
That thrill'd our hearts of yore,
When little thought we that so soon
We'd part to meet no more, Mary !

And dearer far, because alone
To me thy memory's left,
I prize each light that round me shone
Ere of thy smile bereft, Mary !
By that true light, now dimm'd and cold,
I roam o'er many a track
Made holy by the love of old,
That brings even thy love back, Mary !

If sometimes in estrangement loth,
We did that love deep wrong,
Such mood hung heavily on both,
It never lasted long, Mary !
And now that death has set its seal
On all that speaks of thee,
Throughout the past I only feel
That thou wert dear to me, Mary !

Full well I've learn'd how bleak a place
The world is, and how lone,
Whilst searching hearts to find the trace
Of thee, that till'd my own, Mary !
And yet, methinks, thou would'st not weep,
Rememb'ring all the past,
If thou might'st learn that none could keep,
Save mine, thy thought at last, Mary !

If thou—the loved—the beautiful—
Thus lightly may'st depart,
Oblivion's shade, more densely dull,
Will shroud me where thou art, Mary !
And we—in childhood link'd as one—
Together shrined in rest,
May deem of every frail trust gone,
That so on earth 'twas best, Mary !

THE VOICE OF THE HILLS.

Come to the mountain heights,
Thou that hast linger'd long
In the dull, deep vallies of the earth,
In the dense, and dustward throng !
Still a dead weight lies on each thought born there ;
It pines for the life of the sky-ward air ;
It feels not the might of the spirit-free,
And its power is an unsealed book to thee !

Come to the mountain heights,
Thou that thyself wouldst know ;
Look up to the glorious heaven above,
And down on the earth below ;
Rend the chain that has bound thee to sordid things ;
And prove the true strength of thy spirit's wings ;
And scorn to grovel for aye in the clay,
With power to burst from its thralldom away !

Come to the mountain heights,
Thou that with woe art bow'd,
That hast look'd in vain for sympathy
From the cold heart of the crowd :
Here stand upon peaks where the two worlds meet ;
And soar from the dark one beneath thy feet ;
And bid the sure hope of thy soul arise,
With a conscious claim, to its native skies !

Come to the mountain heights,
Thou that hast suffer'd wrong ;
Thou that hast wept o'er a broken trust,
Where the weak bow to the strong ;
And here, where all grand and all holy thought,
With a quicken'd sense to thy soul is brought,—
If yet in its depths that remembrance live,—
Thou will learn the true greatness—to forgive !

Come to the mountain heights,
And see sublimely there
The broad, bright plant of the truths unfold,
Whose germ is every where !
By the great of old have our peaks been trod ;
They still bear the print of the hand of God ;
And the voice of Freedom—though elsewhere dumb—
Wakes our echos for aye : come, mortal, come !

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

ONWARD, still onward, day by day, we hasten,
Unrecking where our resting-place may be ;
Trampling on fears that chill, on cares that chasten,
Tightning earth's chain whilst struggling to be free.

We see the future shine—a treacherous beacon
When shining far off in the mortal deep—
And, with the many, insecurely reckon
A failing trust amid its paths to keep.

We waste our strength in daily toil for treasures
That lie deep hidden where we seek them not ;
Stumbling 'mid graves in search of gain or pleasures,
As if unconscious of the common lot.

What are to us the future's promised glories ?—
We leave no triumphs to light up its fane ;
We claim no part in its unwritten stories,
And our hearts yearn to greet the lost again.

How longingly, whilst standing at death's portal,
Each sense turns backward to the things that were !
How the strong spirit battles with the mortal,
Once also strong to suffer and to dare !

Strong to abide the conflict with earth's trial,
To lift the head, and bear the heart of dust
High, o'er the barren waste of time's denial,
'Mid wrecks of buried love, and broken trust !

Believe—whilst far behind, the wrongs that sting us,
The woes that sadden, evermore are cast—
This rapid, tireless motion, yet shall bring us
Back to the old, familiar things at last.

Back to the hearts we loved, the hearts that loved us ;
Back to the worship of our early days,
When the blue sky, the sea, the fair earth moved us
To lift from thankful thoughts the prayer of praise !

Back to the fount of pure and holy feelings,
Whose course alone lies sullied 'mid the crowd ;
Back to the spirit's first undimmed revealings
Of truth and beauty, ere its hope was bowed.

Back to the best, the noblest of past ages,
Them that have lived in our affections well ;
Them that on earth received death's bitter wages
For pouring light where darkness sought to dwell !

Pausing amid this fevered turmoil onward,
So let us live familiar with the past,
That when its records shall be summoned sunward,
We may not shrink from our own selves at last.

MENDICANTS.

YE were a part, a better part,
Of all our childhood's dreams,
Mixed up with all its pomp of woods,
And melody of streams ;
Ye burst upon us with the flowers,
Ye hailed us with the sun,
And were of life's familiar things
Ere trial had begun.

Ye were the source of gentle thoughts,
To God and nature true ;
Of pitying sympathies, the first
Our bosoms ever knew ;
We class'd ye with that sacred bird
The robin, winter sped ;
Nor questioned why God set you both
Before us to be fed.

Ye were the first to teach us all
The nothingness of pride,
Showing in what strange brotherhood
Earth was to earth allied ;
We learn'd to prize our bright, warm hearth,
From tiny, shoeless feet,
That 'mid the winter's snow and rain
We were so wont to meet.

Ye came to us in tale and song ;
Through the long winter nights
A fruitful and unfailing source
Of sorrowful delights ;
From you we learned that grief, and wrong,
And cheerless want, could be
A portion of the bright, glad world,
That seem'd so fair to see.

The travel-worn, grey mendicants,
They hail'd us on our way,
Long, long ere to earth's mightier ones
Our thoughts had learned to stray ;
Their claim was on our daily paths,
We knew it in God's word,
A fitful breath that healthfully
Life's deepening waters stirr'd.

And shall not later years repay
Our childhood's grateful debt ?
Shall we not through the future meet
As in the past we met,
With kindly help and gentle words—
No idle waste of love,
If we, the world-divided here,
Have yet to meet above ?

Let men in grosser selfishness
Their souls remorseless steep,
But seek not from our childrens paths
The poor of God to sweep !
Leave for their gushing sympathies
That outlet whence to flow,
And after years shall find those streams
Still widening as they go.

The weary, outcast wanderers,
The helpless, poor indeed,
Ah, surely from their plaint to turn
Our hearts have little need !
Remembering what worse wretchedness
Might darken o'er our lot,
Should He whose help *we* crave, at last
Reply—" I know ye not !"

The winter winds are cold and strong,
Earth's wastes are bleak and wide,
And thousand roof-unsheltered heads
Have not where else to hide ;
O ye that to the worthless throw
Far open many a door,
Send up one wandering thought to God,
And send it through His poor !

THE SUMMONS.

Come forth ! not to the flower-enamelled field,
Not garland-crowned, the festive scene to grace,
Not with glad, bounding step to join the chase—
Come, ere to earth we yield
The loved and loving, she whose light is past,
Come forth and look thy last !

The dying sunshine of her eyes was shed
Deep on thy heart, there ever to remain ;
Gird up its fainting strength yet once again,
And gaze upon the dead !
Ere the dark grave its sweetness mantle o'er,
Look in that face once more !

Dost thou shrink back ? 'tis hard thy strength to try
Before that voiceless dust, to mark its guise !
'Tis hard to look in the love-hallowed eyes
And find there no reply !
Yet never more upon the earth, for thee
Shall even this promise be !

•

'Tis the last hour ! thou wouldst not let her go
Unseen ; the mortal change is lightly shown
On her young beauty, she is yet thine own !
Let not the dank mould throw
Its shade betwixt ye till thy glance find rest
One moment on the blest.

Come forth ! the shining hair lies clustering still,
With wonted grace, around the pale, calm brow ;
The old familiar look is there even now,
Come, with its light to fill
Thy yearning heart, that must this token take
Of all the past—or break.

Home's sanctifying things are round her yet,
But she must forth ! its doors will shortly close
Upon the mortal night of her repose—
Come, ere the march be set !
That lonely chamber must more lonely be,
Through future years, to thee !

Be strong in faith ! come forth, look on her ! trust—
By the almighty yearning of thy love,
By its deep prayer—for solace from above,
In presence of that dust !
There, while unuttered memories round thee swell,
There breathe earth's last farewell !

THE GIRL OF PROvence.

[The story of the Girl of Provence, who became enamoured of the statue of the Apollo Belvidere, and finally died the victim of her unconquerable passion, has before been made the subject of poetry, by, I think, Professor Milman.]

SHE had given her heart's pure worship
To the beaming mind that shone,
Shrined in its rare intelligence,
From those eyes of living stone.

And day by day behold her bow'd
At the feet of him, her lord,
With lifted eyes, whose glance betrayed
The adorer and ador'd.

Unconscious of the faltering step,
The cheeks' young freshness gone,
Life's wasting powers still left unbroke
The spell that bore her on.

The same bright, fervid look poured down
Its sunshine on her soul,
Hallowing the strong and dreamy love
That mocked at all control.

The same resistless influence,
So powerful through the past,
Held in its thrall each dying sense
Unbroken to the last.

Throughout that passion's brief wild power
No change had marr'd its sway,
Fix'd till the immortal love had worn
The mortal heart away.

Ah ! thousand fates might tell thee, girl,
'Twas better so to pine
Than that some stonier *heart* had won
That changeless faith of thine.

Better thou shouldst escape the scorn,
Clinging and freely shown,
When woman's deep affections speak
The first—and speak alone.

Yea, better than that earth's frail vows
Had answered all thy prayer,
Leaving thine heart to learn how close
Joy treads upon despair.

No changed, cold look, no marbling word,
Love-toned when love hath died,
Mocked thy warm heart's devotedness
With offerings heart-denied.

And in this chill lone world of ours
Bright has thy portion been—
Love's birth and death—escaping all
The gulfs that lie between.

Alas ! that in love's chronicle
No brighter page should be,
Than the tried faith of that deep heart,
From its worst chances free !

DESERT FLOWERS.

[In his "Travels into the Interior Parts of Africa" Le Vaillant says, speaking of a wild unfrequented scene, by the river Kausai, "Nowhere, during the course of my life, have I seen flowers so superb, from variety and brilliant colour, or so curious from singularity of form. At every step new ones presented themselves to my view, and I involuntarily stopped to admire their beauty. How many did I see, which, were they transplanted into the richest garden in Europe, would constitute their chief ornament."]

WHAT, 'mid the torrid wastes, unseen, alone,
Do ye, bright, nameless, unregarded flowers ?
What, 'mid the hot breath of the heavy hours,
Find ye their stillness to atone ?
Have ye a faith, a language of your own,
Hallowing your hermit bowers ?*

* Anaxagoras and Empedocles, Cardan and Spalanzi, were of opinion that common with insects and quadrupeds, trees and flowers had feelings, affections and passions, upon the principle that life without sensation is an anomaly.

There dwell ye in unbroken sister-love,
Fair savages ! unknowing other art ?
Share ye alike, when storm and shade depart,
The fervid sunlight from above ?
Do ye drink up, when evening dew-drops rove,
A glad pledge with *one* heart ?

We have fair children of your lineage here,
Things spoilt by lovers' choice, and poets' praise ;
Have ye bloomed on from the first shepherd days
In beauty chanted to no ear ?
It should not be so ! ye shall yet appear,
Crowning one poet's lays !

Do not the many-tinted clouds look down
On your unsullied beauty with delight ?
Does the free earth, undimm'd by human blight,
There proudly wear you as a crown ?
Have ye not won, from minstrel winds, renown
Haunting your dreams at night ?

Do the young sunbeams woo ye, as of old
God's sons, enamoured, sought an earthly love ?
Or do ye lift a conscious praise above—
Know ye the stars as they unfold ?
To your pure gaze are all the heavens unroll'd,
The realms where angels move ?

Beauty and love, twin-born, together share
The primal gladness with ye in those bowers,
Where no unholy influence darkly lowers,
Headless God's choicest gifts to spare ;—
Do ye, with them, his equal ways declare
To all the listening hours ?

What are your shapes of beauty ? what the bloom
That paints so gloriously the solemn day ?
What is the order of your proud array ?
Bear ye meet blossoms for the tomb ?
Have ye e'er met, 'mid gathering storm and gloom,
Earth's mighty one—Decay ?

Do ye wake with the sun, and with him close
Glad eyes that shine not till he tinge the deep ?
Have ye night watchers, loving things that keep
In sanctity your soft repose,
Blending sweet odours with the breath that flows
From your untroubled sleep ?

Hold ye a record of the ages past ?
Did the first patriarchs meet your sunny gaze ?
What was your lot in the world's infant days—
In Eden's garden was it cast ?
Are ye a relic of that bloom, the last
Left to earth's graveward ways ?

Ye are all mute ! ye send no answering voice
 Back to the soul that thirsts for beauty still ;
 Happier with light your destined paths to fill,
Making the desert place rejoice !
Did nature leave ye to that better choice
 With an unfettered will ?

I may not taint ye with vain praise, sweet things !
 I know ye not, one blossom from the rest ;
 And, all impartial as the genial breast
Of earth from whence it springs,
I hail your loveliness even where it clings,
 Bidding it there be blest !

There where no jealous rivalry can mar
 What nature meant in love to mingle free ;
 I would not tempt ye o'er the stranger sea,
All earth-unshadowed as ye are !
Prize your untrodden nestling nooks afar,
 There may ye ever be !

There till the sun, and shower, and breeze be past,
 Uncalled to witness all the wrongs of earth,
 Its strifes and follies, that still from their birth
Blight the lots darkly with them cast :—
Take a soul's thanks to which ye've given at last
 One theme a soul-thought worth !

“GOOD NIGHT” AND “FAREWELL.”

A mother knelt at midnight, in devotion,
Beside the cradled sleep of a fair child ;
From her deep eyes spake out her soul's emotion,
As their glance fell upon the lips that smiled ;
And, pressing her's betwixt the locks of light,
She whispered—“ Sweet, good night !”

Then to depart, even as the words were spoken,
She turned, yet backward came and looked once more
Into the sunny face; some fond dream, broken
In the dark past, her soul was brooding o'er ;
And solemnly she murmured—“ Who may tell
If now I breathe farewell !

“ Thou hadst a sister, boy, with curled hair flowing,
And dimpled cheeks all rosy as thine own ;
At eve I pressed them in soft slumber glowing,
And when I kissed them next their touch was stone !
From lip, and eye, and brow, the soul had fled—
My beautiful was dead !

“ We missed the merry ring of her sweet laughter,
In the changed home with sudden moanings filled ;
And thence for evermore through time's hereafter
The deep, warm current of our hope was chilled !
And in earth's beauty—robb'd of earthly trust—
We saw the taint of dust !

“ Wilt *thou* bound forth to meet me in the morning
With the glad step and voice I joy to hear ?
Or will death's icy bonds, all others scorning,
Fetter those graceful limbs in darkness here ?
The parting words we need who now may tell—
Good night, or—fare thee well ?

“ Away, away dark fears ! all unavailing
Is the grave-haunted watch of the bereft ;
Still for the spirit, in its time of failing,
The written promise of our God is left ;
And thou !—art thou not slumbering in His sight ?—
Good night, sweet love, good night !”

LINES ON SEEING A PAINTING OF AN ANCIENT
GRECIAN GARDEN.

A voice from thee, thou land of dreams,
O Greece, a voice from thee,
Borne o'er the trackless wastes of old,
Comes booming mournfully :
Of thy pride, thy power, thy glory,
Thou hast spoken through the past ;
Thou speakest here of thy ruined homes,
And thy broken hearts, at last.

Thou hast thrown aside thy splendour,
Thou hast doffed thy casque and plume,
And we hail thee, " Greece the mortal,"
In this garden's wasted bloom ;
We behold thy children playing
'Mid the sunshine and the flowers,
And feel thy homes were the nestling nooks
Of holiest love, like ours.

We have seen thy schools and altars,
 And thy trophies proud, of war ;
 But this record of thy earliest days
 Is to us more touching far ;
 Thou too hadst hearths and homesteads
 To guard from slavery's thrall,—
 Were thy household gods, in the battle-field,
 The mightiest gods of all ?

What shapes of gorgeous loveliness
 Start up by fount and tree,
 As fancy calls back all the past,
 Whilst gazing here on thee,
 Thou mute memorial of the days
 Time ne'er may see again,
 And of the beauty and the love
 That hallowed them—in vain !

O thou grave-like ancient garden—
 With thy slopes that mock the sun,
 With thy statues sunk and broken,
 With thy paths by weed o'errun.
 With thy viewless wilds of laurel,
 With thy vases moss o'ergrown,
 Thy despoiled and waveless fountains—
 Thou art left—alone, alone !

Far before thee sweep the wild waves
Of a solitary sea,
That shall never more bear homeward bark,
With its freight of joy to thee ;
From the grey tops of the mountains
Fall the twilight shadows down,
Where thou picturest well thy ruined land,
In the night of its renown !

There are hearts, too, might find pictured
Their own weary fate in thine—
The trodden flowers, and the clinging weed,
By the wrecks of many a shrine ;
And the dried-up founts, and the silence,
And the shadows cold and lone—
O for the land where earth's glory
And blight, are alike unknown !

THE FAIRY WORLD.

THE fairy world, the fairy world,
With all its fancies bright,
I would I were a child again,
To hail its lustrous light.

I would I could again believe,
As I was wont of old,
In all the glad, fresh memories,
Its haunting dreams unfold.

In all those moonlight frolicings
Beneath some favoured tree,—
How blest I deemed the silent stars
That joyous sight to see !

The mossy cups, at morning filled
With midnight's sparkling dew,
Were hallowed things, for they'd been press'd
By fairy lips, I knew.

I knew where good King Oberon
Assembled all his train ;
The brightest greensward sports of earth
Were his—a rich domain !

There was a fount, an ancient fount,
With ivied weeds o'ergrown ;
It stood amid the pathless woods,
Anchorite-like, alone.

The sparkling waves leaped as of yore,
Exulting to their bed,
In the cool, perfumed light, that **streamed**
Through branches overhead.

'Twas there the fair Titania held
Her court so blythe and free,
Surrounded by the elfin throng,—
A joyous company.

Around, in sweet luxuriance,
Wild thyme and harebells grew ;
It looked so meet a trysting place,
How could I doubt it true !

Then came the boons so rich and rare
To favoured mortals given ;—
What joy was his might entrance gain
Into the fairy heaven !

Ah, me ! what years of strife and change,
Of storm and darkness, too,
Have passed, dear Jenny, since I learned
Those legends wild from you.

When, nothing doubting all I heard
Thy willing lips repeat,
I sat with lifted face and hands,
And heart too, at thy feet.

There was not near our happy home
A woodland nook or dell,
But thou hadst peopled with bright shapes,
Too bright on earth to dwell.

Thou'lt have to answer, mine old nurse,
For many a fancy wild,
For many a vain imagining
That has misled thy child.

Those shapes of light, those joys so rare,
Alas how little true !
What had their deathless loveliness
With our dark world to do !

Ah ! change of changes wrought by years
In all the faith of old !
How vain are those bright visions now,
How lifeless and how cold !

The greensward where the fairies trod
Is strewed with earthly graves ;
And where wild flowerets bloomed of yore,
The mournful cypress waves.

The fairy world, the fairy world,
With all its fancies bright,
I would I were a child again,
To hail its lustrous light !

TO A DYING GIRL.

Not from the home made joyous by thy presence,
Not from its hope that cleaveth to thee still,
Not from its deep love, an undying essence,
Art thou departing at thy Father's will ;
Not from the hearts to which thy childhood gave
Sweet promise, art thou passing to the grave.

Not from the quiet paths that thou hast brightened
With youth's unsetting sunshine through all hours ;
Not from the household cares that thou hast lightened
With song and laughter—time's fast fading flowers—
Not from love's faith-born dreams, so fair, so free,
Art thou called forth—for these are full of thee !

Thou art but summon'd—ere the spell be broken
That circleth, halo-like, thy future day—
From the cold truths so oft in darkness spoken
To every fated lingerer by the way ;
From all of life that bears so stern a part
In the sad history of woman's heart.

From lavish waste of that exhaustless treasure,
Her soul's affections, an unsounded deep,
That freely poured and given without measure,
Yield back so little, save the right to weep !
From the first dread, and most unselfish trust,
That bartereth sumless wealth for sordid dust.

From shrinking thoughts as the rich sunlight dyeth,
And the rude gusts of worldliness sweep past,
While round the heart a scattered heap there lieth,
Of faith and feeling—fashioned not to last !
From the cold consciousness that all around,
Life, love itself, is disenchanted ground !

From weary watchings o'er some death-bound slumber,
When the lip's murmur'd hope must break the heart ;
From patient anguish as the hoarded number
Of the soul's day-stars, one by one depart ;
From all the griefs, the fears—than death more strong,
And oft as silent—that to love belong.

From these thou goest, and art blest in going :
Not from the earth departest thou alone ;
With thee go forth high hopes, divinely glowing,
True faith and love that shrine thee as their own !
And to *thy* heaven shall rise full many a prayer
From hearts that joy to own one *treasure* there !

THE TRIUMPH OF TASSO.*

Vain, bitter glory ! the fruit of grief.

Mrs. HEMANS.

BRIGHTLY that long-remembered sun
On Rome's stately walls looked down,
While the Capitol was proudly decked,
A poet-king to crown.

But they withered, dropped there piecemeal—
The garland and the wreath ;
And the faded leaves and flowers fell fast
On an anxious crowd beneath.

For the poet from that triumph
With a sick heart turned away,
As men impatient waited still
His coming, day by day.

* Tasso died at the Convent of St. Onuphrio, in his 51st year, whilst preparations were yet making for his being solemnly crowned in the capitol. His long imprisonment at Ferrara, the persecution and neglect he had suffered, together with the virulent attacks of his enemies, served, happily, to draw his thoughts from a world by which he wished to be forgotten. His last request, expressed to Cardinal Cynthio, was that all his works, particularly the "Jerusalem Delivered," should be collected together and committed to the flames.

As they lifted up their voices
To the chamber dim and lone
Where the bard held fast that better hope
Through conflict made his own.

And they cried—"Come forth, we pray thee,
In thy glory's noon-day strength,
For thy magic words have touched our hearts
With a master-power at length !

"And our spirits long to render
The homage thou hast won,
And to taste the rest we may not seek
Till our work of love be done !"

Then a low, sad voice, in answer,
From a bed of death was heard—
"Leave, leave me to the surer trust
Of God's unchanging word !

"Leave me ! leave me ! I am weary,
And my spirit pines to soar
To the realms where lonely trial,
And endurance are no more !"

Then again that shout was lifted
From the eager crowd below—
"Thou hast suffered wrong and sorrow,
Through a waste of years, we know :

“ And we yearn to heal the bruises
Which thy noble heart hath borne,
To bring thee triumph for neglect,
And sympathy for scorn !”

The voice came back, that low, sad voice,
And its accents now were stern—
“ Mine hours are all too brief on earth,
Earth’s lessons to unlearn !

“ Leave me ! leave me ! I am weary
Of the bootless strife with fate ;
And the hope ye bring is all too cold,
And the sympathy too late.

“ Ye came not to me with such words
When their breath had chased my fear,
And crowned earth’s promise with a faith
That had chained my spirit here !

“ True, ye have brought me forth at last
To the sunshine and the breeze,—
But ye bring not back the strength that drooped
While I vainly prayed for these !”

Yet once more rose that world-ward cry,
With a louder, deeper tone—
“ Leave us not now we’ve learned to know
That thy glory is our own !

“ As a light for all the nations,
We lift up thy name with pride ;
And seek thee with the earnest love
That may not be denied !”

But there came no further answer
From the heart that had found rest,
Breathing one prayer of thankfulness
That life's last hope was the best.

PICTURES OF THE HEART.

NO. I.—SECRET LOVE.

EVER, quiet sadness lieth
Round her, as soft shadows lie
When the laughing day-light dieth,
Round some pale flower, voicelessly :
Lip, and eye, and brow are still ;—
On them such a numbness falleth,
That the gazer's blood runs chill ;
And his conscious thought recalleth
Some old legend, mournful, wild,
Heard by him when yet a child,
Of beauty vainly beautiful,
Of sweetness vainly sweet,
Of sorrow shared or watched by none ;
Of love's mischances—every one
Seeming in her to meet !

Trust her that she hath assurance,
From that slighted, woman's heart,

For a voiceless, brave endurance
Of her life's allotted part.
Calm her woe is, though so deep ;
'Cross her pale cheek come no flushes,
That betraying which to weep
With such trait'rous, humbling blushes,
As in life shou'd e'er betray
Her dread secret to the day,
Were a grief beyond all grieving :
The cold glance of *his* eyes,
Their dumb indifference, she can bear ;
But once let *pity* blazon there
Her weakness—and she dies !

Hearts live on, however lonely ;
Hers may live, if life it be
With existence to span only
The extremes of apathy :
Yet a something noble, great,
Hath her soul achieved in trial,—
Meekly meeteth she her fate,
With its weary self-denial.
Bards of such a woe have sung,
And their heroines still die young,
To the grave earth's pity bearing ;
Ah ! they had little need !
Well might some wasting heart reply—
“ If in such woe 'tis hard to die,
To *live* is hard indeed !”

No. II.—HAPPY LOVE.

LET no cold eye look upon her,
Where she sitteth all apart,
With the bright thoughts that have won her
Thus to commune with her heart :
For within those dreaming eyes,
With their dark, love-laden lashes,
The joy, the pride, the triumph lies,
The fire that earth shall not make ashes.
Such glad knowledge, with its rest,
Its memories, revealments blest,
Its hopes, its tenderness, its trusting,
Few may rejoice in here ;—
But it is hers !—the thrill, the glow
Of cheek and heart have told her so,
Hers, and without a fear !

She has left the crowd and splendour
'Mid whose glare she felt alone,
For her spirit yearned to render
All its musings to his own.
'Though far off he yet is near ;
To his deep-toned voice she listens
With the heart that brought him here,
Crimson cheek, and eye that glistens.
If the world show bright to her,
He is the interpreter
Of its hymns of bliss and glory :—

And now, in words more sweet
Than e'er by poet-thoughts were wreathed,
Come back the vows so often breathed
In rapture at her feet.

What although the shadows darken
Underneath and overhead,—
She has not an ear to hearken
To the moral they have read :
All around, below, above,
With death-mocking splendour shineth
The radiant promise of the love
Whose onward course she well divineth.
Like a halo o'er a tomb
Shows her smile amid that gloom ;—
So for *him* shall it break ever,
Of his glad home the sun ;—
Ah ! she has with that future been,
And found that with life's closing scene
Love's task is but begun !

NO. III.—THE FORSAKEN.

HEAVILY, as boughs o'erladen
With their wealth when storm-winds sweep,
Droopeth the deserted maiden,
And her eyes refuse to weep :
Hot and weary have they been
Through long days and nights unending

While, each restless glance between,
Wake wild fancies, earthward tending.
With a leaden weight, despair
Presseth on each heart-pulse there,
As the springs of life were frozen ;—
Her grief hath other moods,
And she, anon, in frenzy strong
Will writhe, as battling with the wrong
O'er which she darkly broods.

Woman's greatest stake and only
Risked, and all in mockery won ;
The new-mated heart left lonely,
Marvelling at the evil done ;
Scarcely trusting its own sense
Of the vast, assuageless sorrow,
While with agony intense
Looking to the waste to-morrow !
This is utter, fearful woe,
But the least that she must know,
For old habits still cling to her ;—
She is listening, even yet,
For the foot-fall that shall never,
Through the future's long forever,
Break upon her regret !

And her mighty woe is broken
Into countless woes,—each one

To her heart a bitter token
Of the bright joy that is gone,
Of the anguish it hath left.
Think upon her dreary sadness,
Thus in life at once bereft
Of life's trusted source of gladness ;
And believe not time can keep
Such a worn-out thing from sleep.
We may yield her, old in trial,
Unto the grave's long rest ;—
So endeth her love-dream. O earth,
To thousand such thou givest birth
For one whose hope is blest !

THE TEMPLE OF THE PALE.

THE ROMANS ERECTED A TEMPLE TO PALENESS.

THE searchers in life's mystery,
The dimm'd by some sad, earthly tale,
Were they that bent of old in thee,
Lone temple of the Pale !
The heirs of thought too deep for tears,
The world-rejected of past years !

The world-rejected ! in those days
Ere yet the Man of Sorrow came,
And to each future mourner left
The earnest of his name
For consolation, spirit-born ;—
How trustless were they ! how forlorn !

How was their lamp of hope sustained
In the wan gleam it cast around
When the broad world contained no spot,
As yet, of holy ground ;
No mound where love could pause, and say—
“ Thou keepest not the dead away !”

The dead ! ah, in *those* days—the dead !
The loved, the treasured, and the lost !
And the wide sea of thought whereon
Love's memories lay tost !
The shoreless sea that evermore
Swept onward with the wrecks it bore !

Strange worshippers ! my cheek and brow
Are pale, too, as I backward turn,
And muse on all the hopes and fears
Ye proved, and sorrows stern ;
And marvel how ye learned to bear
The UNCERTAINTY breathed everywhere !

With weary hearts ye must have turned
Back to earth's darkness from the dead,
With weary consciousness have poured
The vain, hot tears ye shed ;
Since we with such strong anguish weep
The dead who “ fall in Christ asleep !”

LAST WORDS OF ROB ROY.

"Now it is all over : tell the piper to play 'Ha til mi tulidh !'" (we return no more).

LAST WORDS OF ROB ROY.

"WE return no more ! we return no more !"
Said the chief ere he breathed his last,
For he knew that the reign of the fierce and free,
And the bold in deed, was past ;
He knew that the Slogan of Border war—
All mute as the sleuth hound's breath—
Should never awaken the hills again
With shouts whose echo was death :—
" Ha til, ha til mi tulidh !"

Did they crowd around him, the brave of old,
In the dreams of that solemn hour,
All the mighty chiefs of his royal line,
In the pride of their early power ?—
Macalpine who reigned o'er a conquered race,
And them that held rule in Lorn—
Did he think of these as he turned to die ?
And his words—were they words of scorn ?—
" Ha til, ha til mi tulidh !"

Did he brood o'er the wrong that 'whelmed his sires,
Making all their hearthstones bare,
Through the ages that saw them held at bay,
And hate-hunted everywhere ?—
Did he call to mind their scattered haunts
In Balquhiddel and Glenstrae,
And breathe, in his spirits' bitterness,
One trust ere he passed away ?—
“ Ha til, ha til mi tulidh !”

O why was the gift of the seer of old
Withheld in that parting hour ?
Why stood not the future before him then
In the might of its deathless power ?
Why did it coldly, tamely, still
Its truths from the dauntless keep,
Leaving the brave, proud heart to sigh—
Ere it sank in dreamless sleep—
“ Ha til, ha til mi tulidh !”

For they shall not die ! for they shall not die !
Whilst the hills their fame can keep ;
Whilst fancy—bold as the boldest still—
Can the gulfs of time o'erleap ;
Whilst the wild, free spirit of old romance
Yet haunteth each loch and glen ;
Whilst Scotland can say, from her heart of hearts,
Thus speak not my mighty men—
“ Ha til, ha til mi tulidh !”

And mighty they were, those chieftains bold,
With their germs of noble thought,
By the rugged nurture of rugged times
To growths of wild grandeur brought ;
With their generous love of freedom, still
Unchanged through the changes round ;
And, oh ! not for them, 'mid their native hills,
Should those parting words resound—
“ Ha til, ha til mi tulidh !”

In their sometime lawless bravery,
They shall yet around us throng,
Where the clinging love of their native soil
Was than wrath and death more strong :
They were suited well to their own rude times,
And ours will not let them go,
Till the last of Scotland's sons shall say—
‘Mid the final wrecks below—
“ Ha til, ha til mi tulidh ’

THE RELEASED CAPTIVE'S LAMENT.

Amongst the prisoners released at the destruction of the Bastille, was one old man who had been an inmate of those dreary walls from his youth, and who pathetically implored that he might be allowed to pass the remainder of his days in his dungeon.

'Twas a prison's walls gave way,
As the crowd in its stormy wrath press'd on,
And a captive host, when the pass was won,
Burst forth to the glad, free day :
But one whose head bore the weight of years,
Thus lifted his voice amid burning tears :—

“ Are there none to bear me back
From the boundless wastes of this desert place,
Verdureless, springless, to one whose race
Has left on the earth no track ?—
Leave me not now in this alien crowd,
With the sense of my desolation bow'd !

“ Ye have brought me forth in vain
To the scenes in which I can bear no part ;
Ye have called me back with my withered heart—
Can ye bid it bloom again !
Can ye conjure up from the wasted past
One shape that may gladden mine eyes at last ?

“ They are gone who loved me best,
They that had welcomed me back into life ;
They have fled from its unavailing strife,
And ye know not where they rest !
And here where they perished and left no trace
My feet may not find an abiding place !

“ Ye speak in a language dead ;
And lead me to fountains whose source is dry ;
And ye pour me a wasted melody,
Whence the spell and life has fled ;
And dazzle mine eyes with a mocking light
That brings no dawn to my spirit's night !

“ Restore me my heavy chain !
It was twined with the thoughts of bygone years,
With the dream of *her* whose parting tears
Had left in its rust a stain !
With memories dimm'd not by sun or breeze—
And where shall I look upon earth for these ?

" I had peopled my dungeon's gloom
With the loved and lost of my early days,
With them for whom, on its crowded ways,
All the broad world has no room !
And its narrow bound to my soul was dear
For the sake of the glory hovering near !

" Ye have torn me yet once more
From the cherish'd things that I yearned to keep ;
And my heart springs up from its death-like sleep,
And the founts of dread gush o'er ;
And I learn the strength of the broken reed,
And feel by this woe that I live indeed !

" It has pass'd ! that heedless throng—
It has left me here for the chain to sigh,
And the silence and gloom I might not fly
When my spirit's hope was strong !—
O Lord, let thy servant now ask from thee
A rest where the happy alone are free !"

TO KATE.

Thy first unclouded sky, my child,
 With its fairy light is past ;
Thou art waking to the consciousness
 Of a mortal doom at last ;
High thoughts are beaming in thine eyes,
 That need no answering word
To tell with more truthful eloquence
 How thy spirit's depths are stirr'd.

Thou startest from thy bounding play,
 And, entranced beside my knee,
The mournful tale with its changes wild,
 Has a mightier spell for thee :
The low-breathed prayer of helplessness
 Of thy life becomes a part,
And unbidden tears have learned to flow
 From the fountain of thine heart.

Thou knowest, even thou, my sweet,
How the bright, glad seasons go,
And thou askest in thine artlessness,
If their change was ever so :
Like the eclipse of darkling worlds
On a wandering angel's wing,
Strange visions of death come over thee,
With a fearful shadowing.

As the dove when first with eager flight
She passed o'er the watery wild,
Thou hast launched with trembling trustfulness
On life's stormy seas, my child.
O mayst thou, like that weary one,
When the tempest-cloud is riven,
Find a happier, holier resting-place,
An Ararat in heaven !

SAXON WORDS*.

OLD Saxon words, old Saxon words, your spells are round us thrown,
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music all your own ;
Each one, in its own power a host, to fond remembrance brings
The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar things.

Yours are the *hills*, the *fields*, the *woods*, the *orchards* and the
streams,
The *meadows* and the *bowers* that bask in the sun's rejoicing beams ;
'Mid them our childhood's years were kept, our childhood's thoughts
were rear'd,
And by your household tones its joys were evermore endear'd.

We have wander'd where the myrtle bloom'd in its own unclouded
realms,
But our hearts returned with changeless love to the brave old
Saxon *elms* ,
Where the laurel o'er its native streams of a deathless glory spoke,
But we passed with pride to the later fame of the sturdy Saxon *oak*.

* Most of our domestic words—words expressive of objects which daily attract our attention—are from the Saxon. Of the sixty-nine words which comprise the Lord's Prayer, only five are not Saxon.

We have marvelled at those mighty piles on the old Egyptian plains,
And our souls have thrill'd to the loveliness of the lonely Grecian
fanés ;
We have lingered o'er the wreck of Rome, with its classic memories
crown'd,
But these touch us not as the mouldering walls with the Saxon
ivy bound.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words, they bear us back with pride
To the days when Alfred ruled the land by the laws of Him that
died ;
When in one spirit, truly good and truly great, was shown
What earth has owed, and still must owe, to such as him alone.

There are tongues of other lands that flow with a softer, smoother
grace,
But the old rough Saxon words will keep in our hearts their own
true place ;
Our household hearths, our household graves, our household smiles
and tears,
Are guarded, hallowed, shrined by them—the kind fast friends of
years.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words, your spells are round us thrown,
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music all your own ;
Each one, in its own power a host, to fond remembrance brings
The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar things.

LINES ON SEEING A VERY BEAUTIFUL LITTLE
BEGGAR GIRL GATHERING FLOWERS BY THE
WAY SIDE.

CHILD, wandering child, thine eyes are bright,
And thy full, round face is fair,
Thy curled locks rich as a shower of light,—
But what is thy business there,
Laughing and lading thyself with flowers,
As if in this toilsome world of ours
Thou hadst nought to do or bear?

Hast thou ne'er thought, neglected sweet!
What a weary race to run,
Is that which thy tiny pilgrim feet
Have e'en long ago begun?
Hast thou not seen what a deep gulf lies
'Twixt thee and the thousand sympathies
That should make God's creatures one?

Why, reckless urchin! what art thou about?
Tossing thy flowers as a ball!
And clapping thy hands with a gleeful shout
As they round about thee fall!

Is this thy answer?—car'st thou no more
For the travail that waits thee,—a sumless store,—
Sorrow and shame and all ?

How mockingly beautiful is thy face,
Thus beaming with heart and mind !
Must thou go on in the loathsome race
That will cast both these behind ?
Best so to perish !—a fearful dower,
Through many a future, desolate hour,
In such gifts thy soul would find !

There's many a childless lordly hearth
That thy bright looks would adorn,
Yet was there no home on all the earth
Made joyful when thou wert born !
And none in thy wanderings care to know
Whither thy tender, wee feet may go,
As passeth thy life's brief morn !

Little one ! lightly thou turn'st to part,
While mine eyes with tears gush o'er ;—
Mayst thou meet with no colder, sterner heart,
On earth's bleak, unfriendly shore !
Would that the blessing I give thee here
Had the fabled power of Ithuriel's spear,
To guard thee for ever more !

THE CONGREGATION.

A HOLY meeting ! for one heart is there,
Amongst that kneeling multitude, one thought,
Bowed in the high solemnity of prayer,
Yet lifted by the Presence felt and sought,
That to itself, from out the world, hath brought,
Man's strong affection for the blessing given,
And his yet stronger frailties, to be taught
How much of earth must from his soul be riven
Ere yet with fitness meet it ask the boon of Heaven.

A holy gathering ! manhood with bent head
Feels its proud strength an infant's weakness there ;
And, with that hallowing influence round her shed,
Woman's meek heart gains added power to bear
Life's heaviest portion, her allotted share ;
And childhood with its gleeful face at rest,
And spirit wakening to a world more fair,
With reverence hears God's changeless word attest
How all are called to share the portion of the blest.

So should it be! So is it?—nay, but there
Pride with its rampant passions entereth in ;
Mammon and God the double worship share,
And none account the idol-offering sin ;
There the gross struggling goeth on, to win
The barrier'd place which pride hath set apart,
Classing her castes ! ah ! what are these akin
To Him that played on earth his humble part,
Honouring one rank alone, whose wealth was of the heart !

Fair shrine of England's worship ! earnest thought
And prayerful ever should attend on thee ;
Thou by the blood of faithful martyrs bought,
And to their race bequeathed, a temple free ;
What had thy champions given our day to see—
Cobham and Wickliffe, and the pilgrim band
Of fathers conscience-driven beyond the sea,
Who fled the intolerance of their native land,
And raised an altar pure on a far, foreign strand ?

Nor, though the night of persecution cease
To cast its baleful shadows on our shore,
Need we the less, amid this stagnant peace,
Bold hearts and true, to keep our eyes before
The examples of past ages ; to restore
The martyr spirit that hath inly died,
And never 'mid the crowd was needed more,
To o'ercome those mightiest despots, human pride,
Self-love, hate, envy, countless ills beside.

Less than the martyr's faith, the martyr's zeal,
Sufficeth not to keep God's temple pure—
His temple in the heart—there let us feel
A martyr's victory ere we stand secure :
We boast of what our fathers could endure,
Forgetting that a nobler sacrifice
Waits on our daily paths ; a triumph sure
Dared we but win it, over all that lies
For men to glorify, and bid Heaven's wrath arise.

Christ from his Father's temple drove the herd,
Buyers and sellers, bent on earthly gain ;
What better are they, hearers of the word,
Who bring like thought its solemn truths to stain ?
Or who in soulless apathy remain,
Or, roused, rouse only to the mortal strife
Of varied nothingnesses, that enchain
Their souls, with every baleful passion rife ?—
Grovellers ! when will they learn to live as they had *life* ?

Better is he, and happier far, that yields
Such earthly shrine to its corrupted ways ;
That with a timely indignation shields
His household from its mockery of praise ;
That dares, with honest consciousness, to raise
His song of adoration to God's throne
'Mid nature's solitudes that join his lays ;
To worship where love's light is cast alone,
Making his quiet hearth a holier altar-stone !

Yet surely 'mid that throng, so world-entwined,
Some purer, trustful spirit doth redeem
The darkness round, whose depths have well enshrined
God's living light, believing it no dream ;
Some pious Askew there may seek its beam ;
Some gentle Russell with her martyr-heart ;
Some Herbert, soul-rapt in the glowing theme
Till he has all forgot his earthly part,
Lost in the bright survey of heaven's unfolded chart.

Yes ! such there are, the few and far between ;
Alas ! for them that wander from the way !
What yield the desert-growths to those who lean
So fondly on them through life's tearful day ?
Sorrow and doubt, the grave with its decay,
Dim all time's glories, and engulf at last ;
And we, the actors in this fitful play,
Shall we not learn its sequel from the past,
And know the one true part wherein our souls are cast ?

THE PROTEST OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT.

It is one thing to do what we will, and another to be compelled to do what we must.

SIR R. L'ESTRANGE.

WITH sudden passion fired, a dying mortal
Uplifted yet once more his voice, and cried—
“ I stand, O death ! a suppliant at thy portal,
The world behind me stretches bleak and wide ;
And for my panting soul is no retreat,
Save at God's judgment seat !

“ Yet, all unshaken by the dread of dying,
Unvanquished by the thought of what may be,
I hold fast in this hour, of all most trying,
The stern convictions won, O earth, from thee ;
And rend the chain that may not to the last
Hold my soul's purpose fast.

“ And from this point of time, just disappearing,
And with the breath that shall so soon be still'd,
I unto God appeal—none other fearing—
Against the mortal wrong by mortals will'd ;
Against the haunting ills, the strife, the hate,
That were on earth my fate !

“ I ask for justice ’twixt the vain endeavour,
And the void doings, of my mortal course ;
I ask assurance from the dread forever,
That the best purpose here may fail *perforce* ;
And to be judged, not as men judge on earth,
But by each motive’s worth.

“ I ask for justice ’twixt the dead and living—
To be made known in spirit unto those
Who died in darkness, left me unforgiving,
Believing all the malice of my foes ;—
For truth’s broad light to pierce each sunless day
That wore my life away !

“ I asked to be remember’d as a brother
’Mid them that mock’d my willing love to scorn ;
That bade my heart each kindly feeling smother,
And hold unshared the sorrow it hath borne ;
To learn at length, but not from man’s decree,
If mine these failures be !

“ To Him from whom no secret thought is hidden,
To whom the fruit of every deed belongs,
To Him before whose throne my soul is bidden,
I leave the equal balance of these wrongs ;
And the dead weight grows lighter on my heart—
Now let my soul depart !”

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

I GAZED upon the pictured forms
Of a departed race,
Now haunting, like a spectral band,
Their old abiding place ;
There were gallant knights and ladies,
In plume and purple pall,
But a mournful shade like that of death
Seemed brooding round them all.

For sad had been the earthly lot
Of many gathered there ;
Those smiling lips had oft been doomed
For other look to wear ;
The scaffold and the battle-field
Had claim'd them, sire and son,
And women had been called her race
Of silent grief to run.

But there was one amid the rest,
A fair young child at play ;
No rankling cares had worn the bloom
From his fresh cheek away ;
Amid those sorrow-circled ones
He seemed to stand alone,
With the glad hope of his sinless years
Like a glory round him thrown.

The words of the old chronicler
Poured in one mournful flow :—
How little learn we of the past
That was not seal'd in woe !
Some gladness sure had gathered round
Those silent hearths of old,
Some peaceful lives there glided by,
Why were they left untold ?

Time-linked with many a legend wild,
In the dim twilight heard,
Came back the stern realities
That those still hearts had stirr'd ;
And vainly then did laughing eyes,
And beautiful, look on,
For the darkly gathering clouds of fate
O'er all their light had gone !

I turned me to that boy's glad face,
Its joy was of the heart ;—
In all those fearful chroniclings
He could have borne no part !
Why lingered yet his bright young looks
Amid that charnel scene,
Breaking the midnight darkness up
Like sunlight poured between ?

There was one other radiant face
As e'er with beauty shone ;
It was not sad, but softly wore
A meekness all its own ;
Thus veil'd, not shadow'd as the rest,
I thought—fair girl, for thee
Fate sure decreed some quiet path,
Some happier destiny !

Alas ! alas ! for human trust
In what should here befall !
The trials of that gentle heart
Were heavier far than all !
For she, a mother and a wife,
Saw to the scaffold led
Her husband and two blooming sons—
Woe for the martyr'd dead !

Again I sought that glad young face,
It was indeed alone !
Thou, child, wert sure too bright a thing
For earth to call its own !
Then questioned one our ancient guide
What might its fortunes be—
“ The child ! ” he said, “ it died a child,
It had no history ! ”

No history ! thou blessed bird,
If time such evil bring,
Well wert thou called ere hope of thine
Could make itself a wing !
And happier far it is for thee
That worldly thought should scorn
To keep the sinless recordings
Of thine unclouded morn !

No history ! they say not so
Who look within thine eyes,
And feel that some deep, loving heart,
Was wont their beams to prize !
Thine artless words, thy gladsome smile,
Not kings in all their power
Could boast a mightier spell than these
Have wrought within their hour !

Those rosy, laughter-parted lips,
A world of joy declare,
The gladness of the sunward time
When all earth's things are fair ;
They speak of many a merry shout
Borne on the summer breeze,
And bounding sports beneath the shade
Of thine ancestral trees !

O happiest far, and holiest
Thy bright, brief race appears,
Compared with those of all thy line
Bowed with the weight of years,
Now from each fateful history
The mortal veil is riven,—
Theirs all of darkness and the earth,
Thine all of light and heaven !

SUMMER MUSINGS.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

JOHN KEATS.

O SUMMER, radiant Summer ! thou art here,
Flower-crowned, and clothed with glory as of old ;
Proudly as ever thou dost yet uprear
Thy wealth of forest boughs, thy mountains bold,
Sun-loved alike, and thy glad waves enfold
Rejoicing shores, where, echoing far and near,
The mingled melodies of breeze and bird,
Above all other sounds at morn and eve are heard.

O scenes and tones of joyousness, that fling
The spirit back upon its early dream,
When the fresh heart could to your freshness bring
Glad welcome, poured by many an ocean stream,
And mountain top, and wild wood with its spring
Of dancing waters ;—I no more may deem
The hours mine own to wander forth, and bow
My thoughts to your sweet sway—yet are ye with me now !

Thou art unchanged, bright season ! thou dost wake
In many a dreaming heart high worship still ;
Proud visions that no future power may break,
How urged soe'er by the world's sordid will :
Yet hast thou pleasant paths that men may take,
And all forget life's dullness as they fill
Their spirits with pure joy, and therein store
A host of holy thoughts to keep them evermore !

And this is beautiful, and full of hope,
And a devout and life-abiding joy,—
That,—whatsoever the ills wherewith we cope
In after years,—no tempest may destroy
Our first bright dreams of glory ! that all scope,
Spite of low-thoughted cares and grief's alloy,
Still to the ever-conscious soul is given,
For lifting its deep love, and changeless faith to heaven !

And this it is that now doth bear me on,
Into thy sylvan haunts, O summer sheen !
That, by the light of days for ever gone,
Guideth my steps where they have gladly been ;
And bringeth round me shapes of beauty, won
From the dark gulf that long hath yawned between
Life's morning and its noon,—and singeth aye,
Of an immortal bloom that knoweth not decay !

And this it is that giveth me, O God,
A hopeful, trusting spirit in this hour ;
And a deep thankfulness that from the clod
Thou hast proclaimed thine everlasting power ;
And tempered still the storm through which we've trod,
With inward sunshine,—an exhaustless dower ;—
And whispered alway to the fainting soul—
I am thy life and strength, whatever changes roll !

THE RETURN.

Brother, come home.

AMERICAN POET.

“ PILE up the hearth, till its blaze outshines
The sun when he revels 'mid southern vines !
Our loved one cometh, the night is dark,
And the hoarse wind sweeps through the forest stark ;—
Pile up the hearth ! all his dangers' past,
We will welcome him cheerily home at last !

There pressed a throng, for the night grew cold,
Round the glowing hearth of that mansion old ;
Yet room was made for *one* vacant chair,
And wandering eyes sought to rest them there ;
And hearts beat quicker at every sound
That broke through the tempest-darkness round !

“ Our few pale flowrets begin to fall,—
Trim them anew, for *he* loves them all !
He has journeyed far on a lonely track,
Let us give him a joyous welcome back !
And strew fresh rushes beside his chair,
For Ranger will seek glad resting there !”

With treasured memories around her thrown,
Sat the mother of that expected one :
Deep in her heart lay the love for him,—
Him her first-born ;—and her eyes grew dim
With anxious tears, as the hours passed by,
And the prayer of her soul rose silently !

“ Not another song till his own deep voice
Be heard, and our full hearts *must* rejoice !
The absent tone is the dearest aye
Our thoughts are fled to the loved away ;
And we long, with an anxious hope, to greet
The sound of his homeward bending feet !

There was the wanderer's sister fair,
With her night-dark eyes and her glossy hair,
Sitting silent by her betrothed one's side ;—
The morrow would see her a happy bride !
And he, that brother scarce less adored,
Must give her hand to its chosen lord !

“ We shall soon see a crowd round that empty chair ;—
Wonder Alice is not already there !
George is preparing to storm his knee,
And Kate's laugh to ring out more merrily ;
And Mary has found a hiding nook
To start from, and meet his wondering look :

Childhood was there with its gleeful face—
A grief to young hearts was that vacant place !
Through their jocund frolics in wood and hall,
He was the merriest amongst them all !
And tiny voices were whispering round,—
“ Will he come ? ”—then sank in a hush profound.

“ Who will be first to hail the tone
Of his clear voice sent o’er the threshold stone ?
Whose cheek with the richest tints will burn,
Warmed by the kiss of his glad return ?
Ah ! we could guess !—but we may not tell
Who loves the best where all love so well ! ”

There was one whose pulse did ever beat
Quick at the spring of his bounding feet ;
A flush on her cheek was seen to lie,
And a conscious glance in her downcast eye,
And her breath came fast,—for a sound was heard,
And all hearts with a trustful rapture stirred !

Why come there *three* ?—there should be but *one*,
And the speaking soul from *his* face hath gone !
The tale was soon told ;—he had missed the track,—
Where the mountain gorges yawned deep and black,
His foot had slipped,—his heart ceased to beat ;—
And they laid the corse at his mother’s feet !

There was no bridal for many a day ;—
There was heart-stricken sorrow, and black array ;—
There were no joyous bells ;—one low, sad tone,
Pealed from their sullen throats alone ;
And never more round that hearth was shed
The glad light of old—it was with the Dead !

THE DEAD MOTHER'S SUMMONS.

In New South Wales, if a mother dies leaving a young child, when the corpse is deposited in the grave, the father or next of kin places the living child in it, and throws a large stone as a signal for the grave to be filled up. They attempt to justify this act by asserting that it must have suffered a worse death had it not been interred with the mother.

Who called thee strong as death, O love,
Mightier thou wert and art!

INEZ DE CASTRO.

A GLAD young voice was strangely blent
With the dirge's solemn flow,
As the funeral train swept sadly on,
With measured steps and slow ;
For, stricken by no timeless throb
Of sorrow or of fear,
A joyous living child was borne
Beside its mother's bier.

Borne not to swell the funeral train,
Nor yet to grace the dead,
The path his infant footsteps traced,
They never more might tread ;
The love that nurtured him was mute,
The arm that sheltered, cold ;
He might not stay when these were gone,
His life with them was told !

And ever as that death-song poured
A mournful music round,
Was heard above its wailing breath,
The same rejoicing sound ;
Nor ceased when came a sudden change
Upon its spirit wild,
And louder tones burst forth, addressed
To that unconscious child.

“ Lift up thy voice, lift up thy voice,
In gladness lift it still ;
Thy bounding heart may never learn
What store life hath of ill ;
A mother's hand is beck'ning thee,
A mother's voice is heard,
Charged with a mighty power to save
In every burning word !

“ ‘ Come forth, my cherish'd one,' it calls
‘ Come seek the skies with me ;
There was but on the darksome earth
One mother's heart for thee !
Cast not thy little wandering eyes
Around thee where thou art,
But close them on the cheerless void,
And hasten to depart !

“ ‘ Come forth ! within thy father's house
My place will be supplied ;
Think not to sport as thou wert wont
When I was by thy side !
Thy winning ways would weary them,
Thy beauty who could see,—
Let them not teach thee how unloved
A loveless home may be !

“ ‘ Not long thy free step would be light,
Thy lip's glad music clear,
Unseen, unheard by her to whom
Alone they might be dear ;
A wrecked bird, hovering wearily
Above a shoreless sea,
Seeking in vain a resting place,
Beloved ! is like to thee !

“ ‘ Come, ere thou miss the yearning heart
 To which thy looks were light ;
The ear to which thy lisping words
 Brought ever new delight ;
The eyes that never failed to give
 Their joy back to thine own ;—
Stay not to search the world for these,
 And find thyself alone !

“ ‘ Come forth, come forth ! the spirit-land
 Is full of light and joy ;
No pain, no wrong, no partings here
 Our gladness may destroy ;
Come to the never-fading flowers,
 The never-closing day ;—
Tarry not till the night-storm burst,
 Beloved one, come away ! ”

The spot was gained, the death-song ceased,
 No arm was stretched to save ;
The victim-child, rejoicing still,
 Stood by his mother's grave ;
One brief, shrill cry,—one deaf'ning shout,—
 Tones that might blend no more,—
And the loving and the loved had met
 Safe on the better shore !

THE CHERRY DOLE.

In the parish of Rainham, in Kent, is to be found an old relic of Christian goodness. In one of the charities belonging to this parish some beneficent soul left to the children of the poor "two acres and twenty-five perches of land, planted with cherries, of the yearly rent of two pounds ten shillings."

BLESSINGS on thee, gentle soul !
Blessings on thy kindly dole !
What a gush of happy thought
Hath this record with it brought !
Groups of gleeful, childish faces
 Tunes from tiny lips and hands,
Rout our dreams of all the graces,
 All the sports of other lands ;
As beneath the orchard clusters
Fancy now that blythe troop musters,
Called by thee where leaf and stem
Other charms disclose for them !
Oh ! I now could envy thee
Such perfected monody,
As the rustling of those leaves,
And that falling ripeness, weaves !

Small need hast thou of such praise
As cold stone yields colder gaze ;
Fancy heaps above thy bones
Pyramids of cherry stones,
Where, all fancies far above,
Warm hearts bear thy name in love !
Children learn thou didst not scorn
Thought of them ere they were born ;
And to age thy memory brings
Kindly thought of kindly things ;
Visions of the joyous time
When all earth was in its prime !
When the heart, yet fresh and pure,
Thrilled with feelings that endure,
Safe where all best memories lie
The early prized that never die.

Blessings on thee, gentle soul !
Blessings on thy kindly dole !
Once a band of children small
Met thee by thy orchard wall—
Thou didst mark the stealthy glances
That the urchins upward cast,
And the eloquent advances
Those sly looks made *thee* at last ;
They had thy heart's measure taken,
And the imps were not mistaken ;
At a nod the wall they clear—
Ah ! they have before been here !

Which is blithest, them or thee,
Underneath that loaded tree?
How the red fruit leaps about,
How those eager gatherers shout!
“ Well !” methinks I hear thee say,
“ What small cost will chase away
Envy, and change discontent
Into joy’s true element !”
Some such thought as this hadst thou—
Little recks it where or how—
When, regardful of the poor,
This bequest thou madest sure ;
And no truer moralist
Ever graced our world I wist :
Great things most may not achieve,
All in goodness may believe,
And as far as it can go,
Blessings numberless bestow.
Oh ! did all this brave truth see,
How much happier all would be !

THE GEM OF THE CEMETERY.

In the cemetery of Père la Chaise, close beside a little mound, a child's grave, is a larger one, bearing simply this inscription—"His poor mother!—she could not live without him!"

FRAIL record of two hearts, by love
In life and death made one,
Has earth no other voice to speak
Of these, the early gone?

No darkened spot to mark where once
That love's rich sunlight fell?
No lute-like echo, bearing yet
The breath of its farewell?

If such there be, in some lone home
Securely hid they keep,
Where the world claims no fellowship
With them that watch and weep.

Or, to that mother's heart, this love
Made of life's wealth the sum;
Waking, with wondrous power, sweet tones
That else had all been dumb.

What was the number of thy years,
Fair child ! if years were thine ?
Would'st *thou* have missed the love whose light
Made all thy pathway shine ?

Forgotten atom ! “ dust to dust ”
Obliviously resigned ;
Sole, priceless treasure, unto one
Immortal human mind ;

How idly once beside thee showed
The vaunted pomps of earth !
How closely death the test applied
To things of little worth !

Oh ! who could this memorial read,
Nor pause awhile to think
How many now, unconsciously,
May tread like sorrow's brink ?

We, too, live in a love-girt word,
Apart from that around,
And closely draw the links wherewith
Our mortal hope is bound.

Few are the hearts that make our home,
The eyes that make our light ;
Bereft of these—lo ! what remains ?—
The desert and the night !

If this be fearful thought, 'tis far
More fearful, day by day
To trifle with the earnest love
That cheers us on our way:

To let cold look or taunting word
The heart's true faith belie,
Shadowing with hourly death whom God
Hath destined *once* to die.

Oh love, whate'er of bitter grief
Thy earthly partings share,
Remorse alone can move thy hope,
And fix it in—despair!

THE LAST DREAM OF PETRARCH.*

'Twas midnight, and the radiant flood
Of silver light that softly shone
O'er hill and valley, fount and wood,
Was round that quiet chamber thrown,
Where, wrapt in calm but mournful mood,
The poet mused alone.

His gaze was on the cloudless steep
That only thought may scale at will ;
A gaze so earnest, fix'd and deep,
It spoke the full heart's deeper thrill ;
The memories love is born to weep,
And faith to cherish still.

* Petrarch died in the night of July 18, 1374, being found dead the next morning in his library, with his head resting on a book.—*Abbe de Sade*

What were his dreams in that lone hour,
While earth below and heaven above
So calmly slept, that leaf nor flower
The listless night-breeze car'd to move ?
Still own'd his soul the magic power
Of Laura and of love ?

Still ! what had time to do with him,
Or change with that immortal mind—
Time, whose hoar touch the eye may dim,
Yet leaves the free soul unconfin'd
As wing of heaven-bound seraphim
Its chosen rest to find ?

His heart was with the hour when first
At beauty's shrine he own'd the flame,
Gifting its depths with quenchless thirst
Till love itself a life became ;
When she, like to a glory, burst
Upon his path of fame.

He thought of her when like a star
Earth's charter'd dulness shining through,
Spotless as those, and lovelier far,
That spangle heaven's cerulean blue ;
A gorgeous dream life could not mar,
Nor death itself subdue.

That glory pass'd, and o'er his brow
The shade of darker memories fell,
And burning words came murmuring low,
Powerless, though passion-will'd, to tell
How his tired spirit long'd to go
With hers in light to dwell.

"And but once more to gaze," he said,
"Upon that soul-illumin'd eye,
Ere yet upon earth's dreamless bed
This heart of dust forgetting lie,
All pulseless as *thou* art and dead,—
To see thee and to die!"

He ceas'd, and from the empyrean height
(Was it but wandering nature's dream?)
A radiant flood of living light
Around him cast its golden stream;
A blaze so rich, so pure, so bright,
Earth might not earthly deem.

Yet not upon that dazzling ray
The bard's impassion'd eyes were cast,
As if in one intense survey
His parting spirit took a last
Long look, empower'd to bear away
Its treasures from the past.

“ Stay, blessed one ! or to thine own
Bright regions bear my soul,” he said ;
But even as he spoke ’twas gone,
Spirit or dream, the charm had fled.
The moon’s pale lamp look’d out alone,
The poet bowed his head.

The morning sun shone sweetly through
Upon that dreamer’s lifeless clay,
And those who sought him never knew
How that high spirit pass’d away,
Or what a glorious vision drew
Death’s curtain where he lay.

THE GRAVE OF L. E. L.

Nor where spread thine own blue skies,
Where thy native wild flowers grew,
Not where treasured memories
At each step around thee drew
Haunting records of the past,
Hast thou won true rest at last.

Winds that wither as the breath
Of the peace-opposing world,
O'er thy lonely couch of death
Have their baleful wings unfurl'd ;
And the solemn stranger sea
Sweepeth round it mournfully.

There thou sleepest with the dream
Might not from thy soul depart ;
With thy fancy's gorgeous stream,
With thy trusting woman's heart ;
With the wild but garnish'd strife
That made up thy sum of life.

Think they of thee—they that here
 Bask'd in all thy spirit's light?
Hold they one remembrance dear
 Link'd with thee, thou meteor bright?
Poor return if so it be,
These alone should think of thee!

Think of thee but with the charm
 That thy playful fancy threw
Over all things,—rich and warm,
 Pure as nature, and as true!
For in darker, sadder mood,
Who hath shared thy solitude?

Who has seen thy heart's hot tears,
 Freely pour'd as summer rain,
On those rank weeds, doubts and fears,
 Growths that none sought to restrain?
Who 'mid those that lov'd thee best
Labour'd for thy spirit's rest?

All thy lavish treasures paid
 Of deep feeling, coldly met.
Little understood, betray'd,
 By life's hope to its regret.
In a world whose heart is stone,
Thou wert left—alone! alone!

Fame ! cold cheat of woman still,
Dearly sought for, hardly won,
Latent cause of many an ill,
Little worth when all is done !
Sad for her thy dower must be,
Won, yet winning only thee !

For, amid thy fever-dreams,
Holier, deeper thoughts will come,
Thirsting for the quiet streams
Of some heart-encircled home ;
Yearnings for the shrine of love,
All thy proudest heights above.

Ne'er to thee, lone child of song,
Was decreed that happier rest,
And the homage of the throng
Left its deep void in thy breast ;
And stern knowledge of a lot
Seeking peace where peace was not.

But, though no love-hallow'd hearth
Lost its light when thou wert gone,
Thy heart's true and gentle worth
Shall be felt round many a one ;
And thousand clinging thoughts of thee
Shall wander to that stranger sea !

A HEART'S HISTORY.

THERE liv'd a child, a fair young child, the light of whose sweet eyes
Reveal'd the treasures of the heart beneath without disguise;
There love and joy, hope scarce defin'd, yet eloquent, were shown,
Above, below, one heritage of sunshine was his own.

All bright and beauteous things were formed for that pure heart to
store,
The tints of heaven, the flowers of earth, the glad waves on the shore,
The ties at home, the pomps abroad, all seem'd of that to breathe,
Wherewith a free soul might be proud its inmost thoughts to wreath.

There came a change, a sudden change, even on his childhood's race,
Friends died, and fortune's withering frown fell o'er home's sacred
place ;
Strange looks and cold, strange words and harsh, assail'd him day
by day,
As with a wondering, wilder'd look, he pass'd upon his way.

No feeling of resistance came upon the boy's young soul,
One wildly-timid sense of fear, of pain, there held control ;
A tender mingling of the past with all the present ill,
Yet kept his glowing sympathies from every threat'ning chill.

The child was gentle, loving thoughts around each sense had grown,
Pride, hate, revenge, those human guests, to him were all unknown ;
In sad surprise he wander'd on as life more sterile grew,
Till from his face had pass'd the light, and from his heart the dew.

And then a change, a darker change than all the changes past,
Brought for his soul the bondage strong that chains us all at last ;
Childhood in youth and manhood merg'd forgot the claims of old,
Till he who only liv'd to love, was coldest of the cold.

And sterner grown from sense of wrong throughout the dark past
borne,
He proudly yielded hate for hate, and hurl'd back scorn for scorn ;
The deep'ning shadows of the earth across his heart were spread,
Shutting out all the lights of old, the influence of the dead.

Vain, sterile, brief, is the career of men who walk in strife ;
The mortal struggle is not strength, its passions are not *life* ;
And when the snows of winter fell upon that once bright head,
A low deep voice came back to him, and thus it sternly said :—

“ One other change, one other change, the hardest and the best,
Must pass o'er thee, tired spirit, yet 'ere thou can'st hope for rest ;
Amid the grovelling dust of earth what did'st thou deem to find ?
Plume thy soil'd wings yet once again, and cast it all behind !

“ By Him that died its hope to save, by Him whose name is Love,
Hurl the dark bondage from thy soul, and lift its trust above ;
Far hast thou wandered from the home that waited thy return,
How far the conscious thoughts may tell that yet within thee burn.

“ Where is God's fairest gift and first, the heart for love designed ?
Thou hast it not, thy breast is arm'd with wrath against thy kind ;
Where is the meek unshaken faith in truth and beauty's reign
That once was thine ; where is it now ? seek, grasp that faith again.

“ Go 'mid the homes of living men, let love disarm thy pride,
Search the throng'd graves, and yield thy hate—there *all* are close
allied ;
But dare not ask for self alone the treasures of the just,
Stand with thy brethren and be strong, heirs of one hope and trust.’

And harder was the struggle now than it had been before,
Hard to regain the gentle rule his spirit own'd of yore ;
Yet back it came—the dark strife ceas'd—one holy dream of heaven
Had fitted for its purer realm the guilty—but forgiven !

LINES ON VISITING A GRAVE.

I GAZE at length upon thy mortal dwelling,
O lost, and mourned, and loved of other years !
Busy remembrance in my heart is swelling,
And mine eyes fail beneath their weight of tears.
Up comes the fragrant incense of the meadows
That fence the chamber of thy dreamless rest ;
And the wild fitting of the twilight shadows,
Shows like a waving curtain o'er thy breast.
Look on us here, O God !

Alone I stand ; the autumn winds are sweeping
Through the long grass that waves above thee now ;
The dull clouds droop around, like mourners weeping,
The birds flit silently from bough to bough ;
All things look desolate ; the trees are yielding
The leaves that graced them through the summer hours ;
Decay an universal power is wielding,
And death has touched the hearts' core of the flowers.
Look on us here, O God !

Amid this evidence of all things hasting,
In their appointed season, to decay,
I lift a thankful prayer, that from such wasting
Thou in thy sinless bloom wert called away ;
That the vain hopes my heart was wont to cherish
In the dim future of the earth for thee,
Were not left darkly in thine own to perish,
When the grave's shielding rest had closed o'er me.
Look on us here, O God.

I would not pierce the shrouding turf that covers
The precious dust it may not hold for aye ;
A better thought around, above me hovers,
The spirit's promised triumph o'er the clay !
And I can wait with patience thine awaking,
Even as I watched beside thy couch of old ;
A brighter dawn for both around is breaking,
A brighter joy at length shall both enfold.
Look on us here, O God !

I have outlived the days of mortal mourning
That wrung my soul for thee throughout the past ;
I would not see thee to earth's wastes returning,
To bow thine heart as mine hath bow'd at last !
And here I come not in the hopeless sorrow
That looketh only to life's fleeting day,
But with His promise of a cloudless morrow
I seek the presence of thy dust, to say—
Look on us here, O God !

THE SONGS OF ZION.

O ZION thou mayst ne'er forget
The sadness of the day,
When by the streams of Babylon
Thy harps in silence lay :
Ages since then have darkly pass'd,
Whose clouds fierce storms enfold,
Yet wak'st thou not those hallow'd strings,
As they were waked of old !

Thou hast resigned thy songs of heaven,
For those the earth alone,—
Filled with their echoing mournfulness,—
May sadly turn to own ;
Their joy is changed to bitter grief,
Their holy trust to fear ;
And for one hope they lift above,
Full many a hope dies here !

Thou hast exchanged thy joyful notes,
For those whose weary flow
Was born of hours made desolate
To bowed hearts long ago !

The heathen's song of heaviness,*
O, Israel, was not thine
Till thou had'st all forgotten Him
That made thine own divine.

To us those varied tones—now blent
No more in time to part—
Have brought a mingled melody
That may not fill the heart !
If in the soul earth's sad, sweet songs,
Here bear too wide a sway,
Like all the watchful songs of night,
They point a coming day !

How like to thine, O Israel,
Is this lone life we lead ;
From its first hope, alas ! we are
A fallen race indeed !
Our lays of joy lie mute, while oft,
With grief as vain as fond,
We weep the promise broken here,
Forgetting that beyond !

* The first profane song on record was the song of Maneros, claimed by the Greeks, but stated by Herodotus to have been a very ancient production of the Egyptians. It was a lamentation for the death of one of their princes. The first poet of earth owed his inspiration to earthly sorrow.

DREAMS OF THE FUTURE.

MARVEL not that the spirit its fond dream should cherish
Of bright days to be when these dark ones are gone ;
When all of the heart and the lip that could perish,
Shall have left the heart's thoughts, the lip's words to live on ;
That the rich joy unshared, and the sadness unheeded,
And the wayward mood left, should bequeath from the past
Strong hope that the kindness denied when most needed,
When *we* wake no more, will awaken at last.

Too brief is the term of life's fever'd endurance
For perfected joy in its span to be wrought ;
And the spirit will still crave some better assurance,
From years yet unborn, for the gladness it sought ;
If the soul's gushing fount from the wastes of the present
Must darkling return to the source whence it flow'd,
It will keep on its course for those regions more pleasant
Which the hope of the future has brightly bestow'd.

It is best that we meet not the kindred in spirit,
The true, faithful hearts that had made earth too dear ;
If destined a portion so rich to inherit,
We had lost sight of Heav'n for the heav'n round us here !
And 'tis well that the future of time is still vernal
With the bloom we've found brief as a setting sun's gleam ;
That the soul's better hope even on earth is eternal—
The hope to find love, truth, and beauty no dream !

O 'tis deep joy to think, 'mid the coldness around us,
That the words we have here as a wasted show'r shed,
Shall thrill through kind hearts when death's slumber has bound us,
As our own hearts have thrill'd to the words of the dead :
To feel that the thoughts we've in loneliness cherish'd
May yet shine through bright days when these dark ones are gone ;
And that, even for the times when our own shall have perish'd,
It was well to have lived, and is well to live on !

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,
THE PRIEST OF THE NILE, A TALE OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

In 2 volumes. Whittaker and Co. London.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

WE have given this very meagre sketch of the plot, though it is in fact immaterial to the real purposes of the writer, which appear to be to expose the delusions of old, and build up a true altar on the ruins of a wretched idolatry. The work is admirably written, and evidently by one who has deeply studied the subjects of which she treats. We can recommend these volumes alike to those who are anxious to be assured that the myriads who existed before the Christian era, felt and relied upon the faith of a life to come, as well as to the reader who seeks in them merely an eloquent description of the customs and manners of the Eastern people in far off times.—SUNDAY TIMES.

We cannot more truly describe this work than as a beautiful dream of antique Egyptian romance. The forms that move through it—the dim and shadowy perspective through which we see them—the slow progress of the few incidents that disturb the solemn stillness of its pages—and the massive grandeur of the elaborate descriptions, frequently rising into dark and oppressive sublimity, are all in admirable keeping with the theme and age to which it refers—that of Rameses the Second. While, however, we feel the deep poetical spirit in which this strange romance is conceived and embodied, we are not insensible to the fact that it is hardly adapted to the cold atmosphere for which it is destined. The public of our time is too literal, too much occupied by the world as it is, and too much hurried onwards into the vortex of the future, to take much interest in the almost fabulous annals of that remote past Mrs. Tinsley has undertaken to illustrate in these volumes. Exquisitely has she performed her task; but it is to be feared that she will find but few and fitting audience to follow her into the mysteries of the Egyptian Osiris. Let us hope, then, that she will apply her powers to some more tangible subjects hereafter. She is capable of conferring a new grace upon our literature, and we trust she will not be dismayed by the reception of this work, should it not realise her just expectations.—ATLAS.

A work of great learning and talent.—OBSERVER.

The work is only adapted to the "fit audience though few."—TAIT'S MAGAZINE.

The two volumes before us are the production of a mind of masculine energy, and exhibit a boldness of conception and vigour of language as creditable to the fair authoress, as they must be acceptable to the contemplative reader. We say contemplative, because the scenes lie in a distant land, and in a period as remote as the prosperity of ancient Egypt; a period enveloped in all the shadowiness of

by-gone ages, and illumined by the lovely torch of Herodotus, and of a few others, who, like the then nation they have described as so magnificent and prosperous, have passed away ages ago: consequently scenes, requiring the developement of the religious opinions of her priests and people, the habits, customs, and costumes of the inhabitants, the splendour of her buildings and ceremonies, and the relation in which she stands to other contemporary nations. Bold, even startling, but doubtless correct, as prevailing at the time, are the religious opinions of some of the characters passed before the reader in vivid light; the magnificent decorations of her architecture are depicted with masterly delineation, and the dry bones of the myriads mouldering or mingling with their parent dust, or wrapped in the ponderous pyramid, start into life, apparel themselves in flesh, and appear in the reality of existence. Mrs. Tinsley has chosen a difficult subject—and has done whatever could be expected with it, and whoever peruses her work must be much benefitted, particularly in receiving deep impressions of ancient Egypt—her priests, people, and customs; nor can the reader fail to admire the authoress as she leads him on with a classic hand, with beautiful language, and with talent of no mean order.—**DERBY REPORTER.**

Mrs. Tinsley has displayed much knowledge and invention in the conduct of her story. The language is uniformly correct and appropriate; and the incidents, if they have not that air of perfect *crasseemblance*, which constitutes the real dream of fictitious narrative, never violate probability. If this be the author's first production—and we have no recollection of her name—we are inclined to augur very favourably of her future productions, should she devote her talents to the illustration of a period with which our sympathy is stronger because our knowledge of it is more, and should she add to the animation and ability she evidently possesses, that experience of the difficulty attending the management of a story in a period so remote, which we fancy she must have acquired during the composition of the present work.—**BRITANNIA.**

The character of *Rameses*, who believes in no power superior to that of the human mind, is carefully worked out, but with respect to the principal character, less regard appears to have been paid to historical probability, than to the developement of high ideas of moral excellence. It is difficult to believe in the existence of a high-priest like *Psammiticus*, but impossible not to admire so elevated a conception of character. The general spirit and tendency of the work are excellent; the sympathies of the reader are enlisted in favour of noble views of man and his destinies, and those who may be attracted by the interest of the narrative can hardly fail to be both pleased and improved by the pure religious feeling which pervades it.—**MORNING CHRONICLE.**

Mrs. Tinsley is already known to the public through the many beautiful verses which have proceeded from her pen. The present is, we believe, her first prose work, and it is no small praise to say that it more than sustains her already distinguished literary reputation. It is only genius of the highest order which can invest with interest the transactions of an age gone by, that can recal to life the dead things of a former era, and make them live o'er again in story the strange eventful history of their time. Genius, however, overcomes obstacles, and even creates them for the pleasure of overcoming them; as in the attempt to illustrate the *Mystic History of the Egyptian Osiris* in Mrs. Tinsley's *Priest of the Nile*. Several highly wrought scenes of great beauty occur in the course of the narrative. The closing scenes of the tale are of great power and beauty; the death of *Rameses* especially is a highly wrought picture, full of poetry and pathos, and eminently instructive in the rich practical lessons on philosophy which it inculcates.—**LEADS TIMES.**

It is a tale of the times which exist in shadowy dreams, as strange and visionary as the extraordinary relics which mark the generations, now no more, or only mystically comprehended. These very desiderata give the more ample scope to

the imagination; and Mrs. Tinsley has taken every advantage, and very fairly so, of the opportunity to work out details, which have all the probabilities of realities, never realised, and work-o'-day doings which were never accomplished. We have a high tone of thought, a generous demonstration of feeling, and a calm expression of mind, which augurs well, and promises more; and when the judgment shall have ripened with increasing years, we may hope to see another work from the same pen, adding finish to grace, and perfectness to excellence.—CITY CHRONICLE.

Mrs. Tinsley displays a very intimate acquaintance with the ancient history of Egypt. Our only difficulty in forming an accurate estimate of the work, is in drawing the line of demarcation between the regions of fiction and fact—of deciding where history ends and fancy begins. "The Priest of the Nile" is in the strictest sense of the term, an historical romance. Some of Mrs. Tinsley's descriptions are vivid and graphic in no ordinary degree. . . . The production of the work has been to Mrs. Tinsley, evidently, a labour of love, and it will be admired by the intellectual few.—LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

The lady, in this work, has achieved a great deal; and we do not hesitate to say, that it bears a greater impress of reality upon it than that famed story of Thomas Moore, "The Epicurean."—METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

It is to be feared, that the very circumstances which entitle the writer to the highest praise, namely, her study and use of the Egyptian history and locality, will be prejudicial to her success in the novel-reading world of the present day, with which lackadaisical dandies and Lady Amelia Griskins, Newgate robberies, and Wapping vulgarities are subjects of more touching interest. It is something, however, to have aimed and done well in a higher order of fiction; and we can earnestly recommend these volumes to readers, who are not averse to imbibe, with amusement, an outline of Egyptian character and manners, during a remote era. A lengthened analysis of such a work would alone do it the justice to which it is entitled.—ENGLISH JOURNAL.

As a matter of course, any extracts we could make would only mar the general effect of the high moral lessons everywhere scattered through the volumes. To break the chain by the dismemberment of a single link would only little gratify those who may be persuaded to peruse them, and would prove useless to the "light reading" bibliopoliasts of the day. It is not for the latter that the book is intended; neither is it such as will amuse (for they are almost beyond the power of instruction) those who are self-satisfied with their present condition and that of those around them; but for those anxious to proceed in the long march of improvement—for those wishful to promote a more general happiness by the cultivation of a generous intellect, and, consequently, a higher strain of morality—the "Priest of the Nile" will raise emotions that will increase the philanthropy of the one, and tend to encourage as well as gratify the other.—DONCASTER GAZETTE.

This work is announced as a tale of the imagination, having reference to remote antiquity; but the fair author has mixed "facts with fiction," and although her present effort is highly poetical, yet it contains much real knowledge. Her descriptions of eastern scenery are glowing and warm, with brilliant sunlight, as if each of her mental pictures had been tinted by the rich colouring of the orb of day, shining in a cloudless orientalsky. There is something of a fitness and purity in her style which nicely harmonises with her subject, a happy blending of sentiment and reflection; and although her vivid imagination has conceived "bright and gorgeous scenes," her fancy and taste has delineated them so faithfully and so naturally that our sense of propriety and our notions of probability are never outraged or offended. "The Priest of the Nile" refers to that period in the history of ancient Egypt when Iamases the Great reigned, and when the mystic faith of Osiris was the religion of the country. The characters she introduces are the creations of her own poetic invention, but they are human beings with all the diversity of noble and grovelling thoughts; some of them great and exalted in

their aspirations, and others moved by the darkest passions of humanity. The work contains much historical and antiquarian information, and abounds with thoughts of the purest kind, and sentiments of a refined and elevating character, which are profusely interspersed in both volumes—

"Thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallumbrosa."

We would give some selections, but amidst so many beauties and so much to admire, the task is difficult; and promiscuous portions would fail to give any conception of the unity and well sustained interest of the work. We, therefore, recommend every person of taste to read it, and we think they will conclude that it is one of the best imaginative productions of the day.—MIDLAND COUNTIES HERALD.

ERRATA.

Page 29, line 18, for "every," read "ever."

Page 95, line 5, for "for," read "far."

Page 110, line 12, for "for," read "far."

Same page, line 15, for "women," read "woman."

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